

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 3656. Vol. 140.

21 November 1925

[REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER]

6d

CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 583

LEADING ARTICLE:
The Problem of the Submarine ... 587

MIDDLE ARTICLES:
American Opinion. By Ernest
Dimmet ... 588
Waterloo Bridge. By D. S.
MacColl ... 589
The Age of Giants. By Gerald
Gould ... 590
The Tragedy of Disraeli. By
Edward Shanks ... 591
The Comedy of Westminster ... 596

VERSE:
The Vale Beneath. By Percy
Ripley ... 592

MUSIC:
The New Gramophone. By
Dyneley Hussey ... 593

THE THEATRE:
Life by the Liffey. By Ivor
Brown ... 594

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. CLXXVIII
The Right Hon. Walter Guin-
ness. By 'Quiz' ... 595

PEDLAR'S PACK ... 596

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR... 597

NEW FICTION. By L. P.
Hartley
The Region Cloud ... 600
Jericho Sands ... 600
Odd Pairs ... 600

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE... 601

REVIEWS:
A New Anthology. By J. B.
Priestley ... 601
England's Green and Pleasant
Land ... 602
"We Twa" ... 602
British Birds ... 603
In the Heart of Asia ... 603

SHORTER NOTICES ... 604

ACROSTICS ... 604

MOTORING. By H. Thornton
Rutter ... 606

CITY NOTES ... 608

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Unsolicited contributions will be considered provided that (1) they are typewritten; (2) they bear the author's name; (3) a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Otherwise we decline responsibility and cannot enter into correspondence. Editorial, Advertising, and Publishing Offices: 9 King St., Covent Garden, London, W.C.2; Gerrard 3157.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the Publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

AT the very moment of going to press grave news reaches us of the Queen Mother's illness. We offer our deep sympathy to the King and the Royal Family in their anxiety, and earnestly hope that despite her years Her Majesty may rally, and that so gracious a figure may be spared to us for a long time to come.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Mr. Austen Chamberlain has had greatness thrust upon him, since, had Mr. Ramsay MacDonald not drawn up his Geneva Protocol a year before, it is certain that such complete agreement at Locarno would have been impossible. But, unlike many other men in this fortunate position, the present Foreign Secretary is proving himself fully deserving of his success and his utterances in the House of Commons during the debate on the Security Pact are those of a statesman rather than a politician. The development which Mr. Chamberlain has shown since his first appearance as a member of the League of Nations Council last December is little short of amazing, and it is

encouraging to see that he realizes he must not rest on his Locarno laurels. He did well to emphasize during the debate that the Pact was in no way intended as a weapon against Russia, and such other criticisms of it as were made were only half-hearted. It is obvious that we should be very directly interested in any new Franco-German war, however strenuously we might have tried to hold aloof from European affairs, and it would have been more than foolish to reject a Pact which both France and Germany were willing to accept.

MR. MACDONALD AND LOCARNO

Mr. MacDonald's attitude towards the Locarno Pact is complicated by conflicting emotions. He is himself almost wholly in its favour, and his approval was strengthened by a letter which we happen to know he received from Mr. Chamberlain acknowledging the part he had played, during his Foreign Secretaryship, in preparing the ground and making the Pact possible. But he has had his own party to reckon with, and particularly that small and troublesome section of it whose members appear to be determined never to let an opportunity go by of embarrassing their leader. He also probably feels a certain natural disappoint-

IT WILL PAY YOU
to investigate the
possibilities of the

Remington

BOOK-KEEPING MACHINES

3 Demonstration at your
convenience

ment that political fortune should have forced him from the helm before the tide was right for the ship to be steered into port. But his speech on Wednesday showed clearly enough on which side his heart really is.

IL DUCE

Statesmen seldom have such good fortune as Signor Mussolini, who has lived to see all his dreams come true. In his early speeches he talked of "trampling on the dead body of Liberty," and he can trample now as much as he likes, secure in the knowledge that anyone, be he civil servant, magistrate, deputy or journalist, who criticizes him for so doing will promptly be shut up in gaol. Parliament has met again, but such members of the Opposition as have returned to it know that they would not be allowed to utter more than a word or two of protest, and, in any case, since the alleged Zaniboni murder plot, the Government has been busy suppressing newspapers in accordance with a Bill that has not yet been made law, so that Parliament might just as well cease to exist. Even the *Corriere della Sera*, with its great reputation and traditions, may shortly cease to appear, although it has long ago given up all comment on political affairs.

ITALY AND DEBTS

The leniency with which the United States Debt Funding Commission has treated Italy has naturally created some astonishment. Whereas Italy is to pay only 25½ per cent. of the sum Congress had asked, Belgium is to pay 45 per cent., and this country is paying 76 per cent. Naturally the arrangement made between the United States and Italy makes it almost impossible for us to demand from Mussolini a sum which will appreciably lessen our own contribution to America. When Mr. Baldwin hurried off to Washington to fund the British debt, without even waiting to consult our fellow debtors, he may have done the honest thing, but he had not sufficiently studied the American mentality. One of the reasons given in America for the kinder treatment accorded to Italy than to France, is that Italy is governed by a Dictator and France by a Parliament. If there is so little confidence in democratic government even in the United States, the home of platitudes about democracy, the sooner we try to reduce the burden of our debt to America by handing over all power to our local Fascisti, the better.

SYRIA

If negotiations between the French authorities in Syria and the Jebel Druses have not already begun, there is reason to believe that they will do so as soon as M. de Jouvenel, who replaces General Sarraill as High Commissioner, reaches his post. Without much loss of dignity the French Government can make the departure of General Sarraill an excuse for offering terms to the Druses which, had they been offered six months ago, would have prevented this long campaign and present dangerous crisis. For the crisis remains extremely dangerous, since agitators of the various creeds and nationalities are still hoping to co-ordinate the various rebel movements into one great campaign which would sweep not only the French, but the Christian natives of Lebanon into the Mediter-

anean. M. de Jouvenel, by visiting London to discuss the situation with Mr. Chamberlain, gives evidence that he appreciates the immense importance of Franco-British collaboration in the Near East if even graver disturbances are to be avoided. It is to be hoped, too, that certain of his colleagues by now understand that Turkey is just as likely to create difficulties for the French in Syria as for the British in Irak.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT

By a compromise with the Socialists which shows a great deal of party ingenuity, but very little national constructive policy, M. Painlevé is now facing the Chamber with the most extraordinary patchwork of a Finance Bill that any Premier in France has ever produced. We do not pretend to have succeeded in following the project through all its changes during its discussion by the Finance Commission of the Chamber, but we imagine that several members of the Commission and most other Deputies are nearly as confused as we are. The Bill will doubtless be further mutilated before it becomes law, since everyone who has mastered it has amendments to suggest, and even when the Chamber and Senate have finally accepted it—if they ever do—the Government will remain weak and capricious, as must be any Cabinet which depends for its existence on a party—in this case the Socialist Party—which takes none of the responsibility and all the credit for everything the Government does. A dissolution of Parliament can hardly be far distant.

THE PACT IN GERMANY

The concessions agreed to by Great Britain and France as sugar for the Locarno pill do not send the Germans into transports of enthusiasm, but there can no longer be any doubt that Dr. Luther and Herr Stresemann will obtain the necessary majority in the Reichstag for their signature of the Security Pact. The evacuation of the Cologne area is to begin on the date chosen for this signature, and a connexion is thereby created between the two events which, although fictitious, since the Cologne evacuation is supposed to depend only on the state of German disarmament, will doubtless be useful in counteracting the campaign of the Nationalists. In any case, however, the fact that President Hindenburg has so far resisted Extremist pressure, and, indeed, has referred to those patriots who opposed the Security Pact as "bulls in the china shop," must have served to convince the Nationalist leaders that Germany is in a mood for peace and conciliation rather than for revengeful suicide.

THE PRICE OF BREAD

The public is now in possession of an official scale in which the price of flour is related to the price of bread. That scale, since it must pay heed to the least favourably situated bakers, gives bread prices which represent the maximum rather than the minimum, and it is not only possible but probable that competition will result in prices lower than those of the scale. But, in any event, the public can now check bread prices as before this it could not. The scandal of over-charging for bread cannot now be repeated with impunity. But there is still much for the public itself to do. So

ndon to
n, gives
impor-
ne Near
voiced.
leagues
likely to
for the

long as it buys bread in ways which necessitate heavy costs of delivery, it will be paying more for bread than it need. Were everyone to buy bread in such a way that the cost of delivery could be spread over a number of articles—in other words, were everyone to buy bread from stores and general suppliers—there would be further saving.

THE ABOLITION OF SUBMARINES

The submarine occupies a category of its own among instruments of warfare. Aircraft and ships that keep to the surface have too great a part in the peaceful life of the world to be restricted out of fear of the use to which they may be put in time of war. The submarine, however, is purely a means of attack, and its abolition would not cause the slightest inconvenience to a world at peace. The only objection that can be brought against a proposal to abolish it is that this country stands to gain more thereby than any other. But every restriction placed on armaments benefits some country more than another, and if such objections are to prove fatal to proposals for disarmament or limitation of armaments, we must despair. We deal more fully with this difficult subject in a leading article.

SOCIALISTS AND COMMUNISTS

Considering that the Socialists have solemnly excommunicated the Communists, they have shown, from the moment Parliament reassembled, an extraordinary zeal to prevent any injury being done to any Communist. This may be explicable on the ground that the Socialists have in an unprecedented degree the Christian virtue of concern for enemies, but we may be pardoned for suspecting that the explanation is one rather less creditable to the Socialists. If they are extremely solicitous for the welfare of Communists, it is because they feel that somehow, in spite of all differences, they have certain things in common. But while we are amused by the peculiar attitude of the Socialists towards this matter, we do not deny that there is some cause for anxiety about the way in which the law has been applied to cases in which Communists have been involved. The purity of the administration of justice is not, among reasonable men, in question; but once at least there has been a lack of care to avoid the appearance of favouritism.

WIRELESS TELEPATHY

The recent B.B.C. experiment in telepathy was a total failure. A letter of the alphabet was to be thought off: not one of the jury managed to think of the correct letter. A day of the week: no one thought of the correct day. A card: no one thought right. And so on, in monotonous failure. What lesson is to be learned from this unsuccessful experiment it is hard to say. The tests were not severe, and it is surprising that with only seven days of the week to choose from, and only twenty-six letters of the alphabet, no one fluked a correct answer. It would appear that concentrated efforts at thought-reading are even less successful than casual attempts and that organized telepathy is more profitless than the guessing of people playing drawing-room games.

THE PROBLEM OF THE SUBMARINE

EVEN though there be no hypocrisy in the present British campaign for the abolition of the submarine, this country will undoubtedly be accused of hypocrisy, both in Europe and in the United States. In the opinion of our own naval experts the submarine is the most effective weapon of defence for the smaller Powers, just as it is the greatest danger to our own large surface vessels, and still more to our mercantile marine, upon which we depend for our very food. As Lord Lee has pointed out in a letter to *The Times*: "In the last year of the war the Admiralty had to maintain in commission nearly 3,000 surface craft for the sole purpose of countering the German submarine campaign, and with by no means complete success." The Continental nations have not forgotten that the war showed us not only the horrors of the submarine, but also the horrors of the blockade, and they see no reason why they should agree to the abolition of their one method of breaking the blockade unless we, in our turn, agree to some very substantial compensating sacrifice. In our view it will prove quite impossible to bring about the abolition of one weapon of war, such as the submarine, without discussing the abolition of every other weapon of war. France, for example, has concentrated on the construction of submarines rather than of surface craft and, were submarines to be abolished and the figures of the Washington Convention in regard to capital ships maintained, then France would find herself so weakened that no number of Locarno Treaties of mutual guarantee would give her any feeling of security.

But if we feel that the difficulties of dealing with the submarine problem have not been fully appreciated, we should, nevertheless, rejoice to see the disappearance of an arm which, unlike the aeroplane, can have no purpose other than that of destruction. The destructive power of the submarine may possibly be reduced by the development of methods of protection against it, but, if warships are adequately protected, merchant ships frequently are not, and more and more the tendency will be to use the submarine against the mercantile marine with its passengers and its cargoes of food. The problem is one which should be discussed and which, with an adequate amount of preparatory work and a willingness to make sacrifices, might prove possible of solution.

There are at present two proposals for disarmament conferences. During the recent Assembly of the League of Nations in September the French Government pressed hard for the continuation of preparatory work for an international disarmament conference, to be summoned through the League. This enthusiasm may be due in part to the exigencies of the French financial situation, but it is also undoubtedly due to that great change in French public opinion which rendered possible the Locarno Agreement and the many friendly overtures to Germany by which this agreement has been accompanied. The British Government, feeling that the moment for disarmament had not yet come, agreed only reluctantly to a suggestion that the League Council should be instructed "to make a preparatory study with a view to a Conference for the reduction and limitation of armaments in order that, as soon as satisfactory conditions have been assured from the point of view of general

official
to the
heed
bread
than
prob-
lower
t, the
e this
g for
But
So

security . . . the said Conference may be convened." Since the success of the Locarno Conference, however, French enthusiasm for a reduction of armaments has increased, and the British Government itself doubtless feels that some steps forward may now be made. Early next month a Committee of the League Council is meeting to discuss what preparatory work the League should undertake, and it is understood that the French Government will then propose the summoning of a disarmament conference in the near future. In the French view navies doubtless demand the most urgent attention, whereas in the British view land armies are the greatest danger. If the British Government is to take any initiative in dealing with the submarine menace, it would seem that the occasion offered by this discussion would be a favourable one. This country is just as anxious as France to see the burden of armaments reduced and it would be well if our delegates could bring forward constructive proposals, as apparently the French intend to do. These proposals might well be connected with the submarine.

Until the Locarno Treaty had been drawn up there was also a strong feeling in this country in favour of President Coolidge's proposed conference. But, since his return from Locarno, Mr. Chamberlain has made it clear that he considers disarmament is a problem which can best be dealt with by the League of Nations, in accordance with Article 8 of its Covenant. There is now a proposal, however, to separate naval and military problems, and to summon in Washington a conference to deal with fleets and in Europe a conference to deal with armies. Such a division would naturally please Mr. Coolidge, but we doubt whether it would succeed, since in practice it would seem quite impossible to discuss the reduction of fleets without taking into consideration the size of armies, and vice versa. The only conference at which the problem of the submarine could be adequately discussed would be at a conference summoned through the League of Nations and held perhaps in London or Paris, so as not to offend the susceptibilities of those Americans who still look upon Geneva as the haunt of intriguing European politicians whose one ambition is to involve the United States in the finances and quarrels of the Continent.

The problem, then, is a very much larger one than many of the people who were shocked by the tragedy of the M.1 have yet realized. If this country demands the abolition of the submarine, the Continental countries will likewise demand the abolition of the right to institute a blockade. Nevertheless, since every movement towards disarmament and peace depends in the last resort upon public opinion, and since for the moment public opinion appears to concentrate upon the problem of the submarine, there is probably more likelihood now than there has been on any previous occasion that the British public would agree to make naval sacrifices elsewhere, if thereby they could bring about the disappearance of this arm which so endangers our communications. But whether the effects of the loss of the M.1 will continue to influence public opinion during long and difficult negotiations, and to the extent of supporting the Government in any sacrifices it might have to make to compensate public opinion abroad, has still to be seen.

AMERICAN OPINION

BY ERNEST DIMNET

I READ the Locarno news, somewhere off Newfoundland, in the little paper daily distributed to the passengers on the *Rochambeau*, which had tried to rise to the occasion by being quite solemn and even as grammatical as the English scholarship of its modest editor allowed it to be.

On landing, the American newspapers were still full of the events as if three whole days had not elapsed, *grande spatinne* in New York. The keynote was delight with the people who believe in the League of Nations, bewilderment with those who do not, and surprise with them all. This surprise surprised me, but an intelligent journalist explained. The idea of the Western Pact had been given due publicity when Lord D'Abernon and Herr Stresemann conceived it, last February, but eight months had glided by, and the coal strike had intervened, so attention had been diverted. When the London conference started the real proceedings it seemed too technical, too private also, and generally refused to let itself be reduced to headlines. On the whole, it passed unperceived. As for the Locarno parley, it was regarded as one more conference, so that its sudden and triumphant termination seemed unbelievable. The first person who publicly recovered from the shock was Senator Pepper. These irreconcilables might just as well be called the malcontents: like Pocco-curante, in Voltaire's 'Candide,' they are never pleased. Senator Pepper was prompt in saying that the Locarno agreement having as its natural consequence a beginning of disarmament the proposed conference at Washington would henceforth be without an object, which was a slap in the face for America. However, I must say that this sentiment was without an echo. A college president said to me rather contemptuously: nobody thought of America, because America was not there. For Americans have an easy way of speaking of official America as not representing anything except itself, and they are right.

Just now, the reaction to the Locarno Pact has become universal and is well worth observing. It registers an immense gain for the League of Nations to which the Bulgaro-Greek settlement has added. Such papers as the *New York Times* and the *World* show no exultation, but simply crush the opponents of the League under the weight of the reality. Wilsonians resurrect everywhere, as one ought to have expected.

The really interesting symptom is to be seen in the other camp. I see a great deal of the Republican circles. Their mistake has generally been to be hypnotized by the notion that Wilson's League, being destined to combat war, was a Utopia first and, second, could not but be a super-government which no proud nation can admit. The idea of Geneva as a sort of World's Bureau in which the affairs of the planet are centralized and transacted does not occur to them: the moment you bring it to their attention they unbend.

The slogan "no entanglements" has had, and still preserves, its power over them, yet they have been hankering after a chance of "helping." I pointed out a hundred times to Republican friends that their own platform gave them the chance they so often alluded to, for the Republican antidote to

the League was the World's Court. Which World's Court? I would often ask, the Hague, Geneva, or some new departure which America would start herself? Nobody ever answered, but some World's Court was in the wishes of the Republicans. It was not in their speeches, I would insist; why was that? Why never a definite word? Then came the answer which covers the multitude of sins: Politics!

To-day the World's Court finds its chance. It was clamoured for at the National Women's Convention in Detroit, and the Press is full of an invitation sent to the four winds by President Hibben of Princeton—a type of American everybody respects—to come to the University there on December 12 and discuss at last the practical ways of bringing America into the international movement through the World's Court.

What will happen? If President Hibben were not the most honest of men one might suspect him of Machiavelli-ism, for every American effort at visualizing the World's Court shows that it already exists, in Geneva, and need not be duplicated. People feel this, some dimly, some more clearly. The editor of an important monthly said to me, or—which is more interesting—said to himself in my presence: "We shall have to join, I see it, if it is only to protect our own interests." Probably this incipient agitation in favour of the World's Court will be the night march of America towards a co-operation which is in the hearts of millions if it is only in the mouths of a few.

Mr. Silliman's letter to the SATURDAY REVIEW of October 24 certainly reflects the mind of a vast section of American opinion, but it is that of the unthinking multitude always ready to change its views. The letter in which Mr. Piez, Chairman of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, stated to Senator Borah the rights and wrongs of the question was a flash of light in the dark. Americans realize better to-day that it was not money that was sent to Europe during the war, but goods, and that the profits of those sales raised the figure of America's fortune from \$2,200 to \$3,400 per capita and has enabled the country to pay off, in a few years, six billions of its debt. With the realization of such facts a new sentimental background must inevitably come.

THE 'SATURDAY REVIEW'

In spite of the fact that the printing order for last week's SATURDAY REVIEW was considerably increased, the issue was sold out on Monday morning. This week's order has again been substantially increased, and it is hoped that the supply will now be large enough to meet every requirement. But the demand is growing, and the Publishers do not feel justified in incurring the expenses of reprinting; they therefore offer their apologies to any who may be disappointed, and at the same time beg to advise readers to place a definite order for the paper with their newsagent so as to be certain of receiving it regularly. Will those who may experience any difficulty or delay in obtaining copies of this or any other issue of the paper be so kind as to write direct to the Publishers, giving full particulars, and so co-operate with them in maintaining an efficient service?

WATERLOO BRIDGE

By D. S. MACCOLL

AT a recent meeting of the London County Council a member is reported to have said that there are living British architects who "could knock Waterloo Bridge into a cocked hat." That there is a large number of architects who could perform that feat whether for Waterloo Bridge, St. Paul's, or Westminster Abbey need not be doubted, but that one of the guardians of London should regard it with complacency makes one wish that minds, at least, could be taken to pieces and reconstructed.

If Sir Edwin Lutyens is not one of those light-hearted architects who would favour the knocking of Waterloo Bridge into a cocked hat, his intervention in the discussion may none the less have an unfortunate tendency to weaken its defence. He was invited to report whether by any device the traffic capacity of the bridge could be increased without damage to its beauty. What was in the mind of those who consulted him was doubtless the corbelling-out of new footways on either side, and this, of course, Sir Edwin condemned as fatal to the design. His own suggestion of a slight heightening and widening would still be injurious in effect, and his other proposal of an additional suspension bridge is constructionally so fantastic and would be so disastrous to the view that there is no danger of its being adopted. What is dangerous is that he went outside the artistic reference by committing himself to the assumption that the preservation of the bridge in its present shape necessarily involves taking it down and rebuilding.

The astonishing thing about this assumption is that it entirely ignores the Report* presented to the County Council by a conference of various societies interested in the preservation of the bridge. Those societies, to several of which Sir Edwin Lutyens belongs, obtained the best available opinion from engineers of experience in comparable operations, and with one dissentient voice (one out of thirteen) those authorities pledged their professional credit to the statement that the bridge can be preserved by underpinning, and that this treatment would be much less costly, both in money and time, than taking down and rebuilding. Whether Sir Edwin had studied these documents does not appear: in any case, he does not discuss them. The problem is one for the engineer, and the view of even so distinguished an architect as Sir Edwin Lutyens counts for little against the formidable consensus of opinion on the other side; contractors as well as engineers are convinced that the operation is practicable.

Before dealing with the issue that lies behind this sharp divergence of opinion, it may be well briefly to recall the main incidents in the story. It began with a marked subsidence of certain piers, more particularly of one, which was then about twenty inches below the original level. The engineers of the County Council attempted to arrest the movement by grouting, i.e., by injecting liquid cement into the foundations. But this process was accompanied by a further subsidence of eight inches. The engineers then arrived at the con-

* Report of the Conference of Societies urging the preservation of Waterloo Bridge (9 Conduit Street, W. 1). 3s. 6d.

clusion that a partial rebuilding was called for, and this may prove to be desirable so far as the faulty pier and adjacent arches are concerned, but the Bridges Committee went further and condemned the whole bridge to destruction as "worn out." It was urged that the granite was disintegrating and the timber piles failing from decay. It was in face of this recommendation that the "Conference" bodies, namely, the Royal Academy, Royal Institute of British Architects, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, the London Society and the Town Planning Institute, along with a deputation from the Royal Fine Art Commission, obtained a stay of execution till the Report, above referred to, could be prepared and presented. That Report counters the assertion that the bridge is worn out, and that the cause of the trouble is decay of granite and of the pile timbers: timber covered by water has been known to resist decay for over a thousand years, witness the foundations of Venice; the real mischief appears to have been a washing out of sand and gravel, the "scour" set up by heavier river craft passing through the arches.

But, it will be asked, does it greatly matter, apart from the question of cost, whether the bridge be preserved by underpinning or by demolition and reconstruction? It does matter, because the real point in debate lies behind the discussion of methods. If the bridge were ever taken down it is extremely improbable that it would be rebuilt in anything like its present incomparable form. A strong body of opinion on the Council seized upon the proposed demolition as the opportunity for substituting a bridge with fewer and therefore wider arches and a roadway double the present breadth. This would upset the relation of scale between the bridge and Somerset House, which is part of the secret in Rennie's triumph of adjustment, and would take from London its one large harmony, the combination of those monuments in the river foreground, with the distant St. Paul's and Wren's other churches.

This blow at the very heart of London might be excused if it were proved to be absolutely necessary: a bridge's primary business is traffic; if it is unequal to that function it is difficult to resist a call for its alteration or replacement. But there is general agreement that but for the partial subsidence that has taken place we should never have heard any talk of pulling down the bridge. From the figures given by the Town Planning Institute on p. 25 of the Report, it appears that Waterloo Bridge is doing its bit as fully as the other conditions of traffic permit. What it can do is limited by the cross-traffic of the Strand. As it is, owing to the conflict of traffic east and west with the stream from Waterloo Bridge by Wellington Street there is a hold-up by stoppages in the Strand equal to half the day; if the traffic over the bridge were doubled there would be a hopeless block. It must be remembered also that three traffic lines on a bridge are more nearly equivalent to five in a street, because it is necessary in the latter to allow for vehicles stopping in front of shops and houses. I do not think trams have been seriously considered among the possibilities of a wider bridge: they would have to discharge upon the lower level of the Embankment, let alone that the tramway system is obsolescent and virtually bankrupt. But a

proposal has been made for part of the traffic to plunge under the Strand and emerge in Aldwych. This would be out of the question for heavy traffic, including buses, and the obstruction would be greater than the relief would be worth.

It would seem, then, that the widening of Waterloo Bridge would aggravate instead of solving the traffic problem, and the argument from utility for demolition falls to the ground. That being so, the argument for preserving one of the noblest bridges in the world and the most perfect achievement of English architecture in the nineteenth century ought to be irresistible. And preservation by underpinning instead of rebuilding is further recommended by a saving in cost that would go far to pay for a new Lambeth Bridge.

I write before the decision of the County Council Committee on the reports submitted to them has been announced. A heavy responsibility will rest upon them if in face of so solid a mass of expert opinion they refuse to save the bridge; and in that event it seems to me that it would be the duty of the Government to step in, schedule it as a national monument, and take steps for its repair.

THE AGE OF GIANTS

BY GERALD GOULD

OXFORD, one sometimes thinks, ought to be exempt—

It ought not really, of course: ought not, and cannot be. Nothing is exempt. Change—call it progress or decay—is the master; and besides, even the thing that one would fix unchanged never dwelt in fact at that point of perfection where one longs to pin it: already the seeing eye sees differently, and what one remembers was not there.

All the same, let me dally with the notion that Oxford ought to be exempt. Mr. Priestley, reviewing last week in these columns the 'Collected Essays' of W. P. Ker, and quoting from Mr. Whibley's memoir the statement that Ker ignored the bathroom installed on his college staircase and remained faithful to his tub, adds the comment: "His position would have been difficult had he been on hand when printing was first invented." This, of course, is the paradox of conservation.

Take this matter of the bathroom and tub. Mr. Priestley comes from Cambridge, where in his time (more recent than mine at Oxford) they doubtless had bathrooms, h. and c., on every landing. Perhaps, even at Oxford, they have them now. Some glory departs with each twilight. But I was an undergraduate of a college where, so far at least as I knew, there were no bathrooms. Afterwards I was in residence at another college, where the new bathrooms were a matter of boasting and delight. Visitors were shown the Hall, the Gardens, the Chapel, the Library—and the Baths. But did I ever go near them? I did not. I continued to take my tub: not as a protest against modernity, not as a gesture in the face of change, not as an act of devotion to the God of Things as They Are—but simply because it never occurred to me to do anything else. A fresh generation had grown up, which knew not tubs; its ways were not my ways; and at twenty-four one is too old to change. It is so with this new-fangled business of

flying in the air: mother-earth was good enough for us when I was a boy, and I feel, about the challenging of the empyrean, that it is simply flying in the face of Providence. There is something too (or I am told there is something, though I do not find it very easy to believe) about wireless telephony. The moderns sit in their own homes with fetters on their heads, snaring music and non-political oratory from the dubitable ether. It is a horrid habit, not far short of blasphemy. Give me the ancient and orderly ritual of print!

"His position would have been difficult had he been on hand when printing was first invented." Certainly it would. But not more difficult than it was when bathrooms came to All Souls. "To remain, uncomfortably bathed, in a half-light for the sake of tradition," says Mr. Priestley, "is to be a Tory indeed." But I think it is rather to be a human being. The love of the familiar; the resentment against that Devil which (as the Lord says in the Prologue to 'Faust') has been given for a companion to Man to counteract his love of quiet—these are surely the sign, not of a political theory, but of a spiritual and physical fact. How strange and ugly must the first printing have seemed to him who "filled his lady's missal-marge with flowerets"! I do not believe that, in those days, Ker would have approved the innovation.

He would not admit the electric light into his college rooms. This furnishes a contradiction of what another famous Oxonian (Mr. Lambkin) said in the poem he unsuccessfully submitted for the Newdigate Prize:

But in the house the soft and constant rays
Have always met with universal praise.
For instance; if you want to read in bed,
No candle burns beside your curtain's head,
For from some distant corner of the room
The incandescent lamp dispels the gloom.

But Ker would lecture to students who used electric light to take down his words: he was nothing if not tolerant. If he loved old things, he understood the value of new. He would crack new jokes over old bottles.

The race to which he belonged, the happy company of Professors, is itself—says Mr. Priestley—departing. The only consolation is that it always was. "And it ends the Age of Giants," say the Files." Nestor used to remind Achilles and Agamemnon, Ajax and Odysseus, that they had missed the really heroic days of their predecessors. They lived, so to say, in a decadent world of print and electricity and bathrooms; but, for us, they belong rather to the Giant Days before the wireless.

So we console ourselves; but in our hearts we feel that Mr. Priestley is right. Other things may change for the better; another race may be, and other palms be won; the future may bring back the seasons, and add fulfilment to their promise;

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime;

but the great days of the Professors, as we have known and loved and honoured them, will scarcely come again.

For one thing, the age of the polymath must give way to the age of the specialist. Those noble Professors of whom Mr. Priestley spoke last week were, of course, by many centuries, too late for universal knowledge; they came well in the rearward of a conquered omniscience; but some-

how they had (let us more happily say "have," since some of them are still with us, and likely to be so beyond the common span)—somehow they have still the tang and prestige of omniscience about them. They know so much that their ignorance seems unimportant, a mere fringe and embellishment. Once, when I was dining with Ker at All Souls, the question was raised—what was the title of a poem from which somebody had quoted? Everybody turned to Ker. It was axiomatic that he would know. There was a pause—a long pause; but then there always was a long pause before Ker said anything; and not for some time did it dawn upon an incredulous company that here was a question he could not on the moment solve. Yet, at last, it became apparent that he was going to speak; and hope and faith returned. But what he said was: "The title doesn't matter."

No written word can recall that clear accent. There will grow up a generation that never heard it. Oxford is not exempt, nor Cambridge, nor Tyre nor Sidon, nor Carthage nor Rome nor Troy. A professor is as mortal as a potentate.

Was it Saffi, a professor
Once of Oxford, brought redress or
Garibaldi? Who remembers
Forty-odd-year old Septembers?—
Only sextons paid to dig among the Files.

But something survives: and there are two senses in which the Age of Giants is never ended.

THE TRAGEDY OF DISRAELI

BY EDWARD SHANKS

THERE is no disparagement of Mr. Raymond in saying that the interest of his study of Disraeli* descends at a certain definite point to a lower level. The interest of the writing does not decrease. It remains wise and temperate, pierced with flashes of wit both verbal and mental. But the theme is on a lower level and the change is indicative of the fact that the author, having his own political philosophy, attempts to see Disraeli as he really was, not to laud or decry him as the "leader of the great Conservative Party."

For, by the time he was that, his greatest ambition was already defeated, English development, as he saw it, had taken an irremediably wrong turn, and his own career had faded into the light of common politics. He was yet to be twice Prime Minister, to enjoy extraordinary triumphs with his Sovereign and with her subjects, and to receive an earldom. His fate has been to be regarded as a careerist who never looked further than these pinnacles of ambition, or else as a successful statesman to whom these were the gratifying confirmations of success. But, though he was, to be sure, a careerist, in the sense that he always meant to have a career, and successful in the sense that he forced himself to, and maintained himself in, the front rank, yet he died, and indeed had lived during the greater part of his active life, a defeated man. He had had revenge for his defeat: he had pulled down Peel and secured his own future by earning himself the title of "the Peel-smasher." But, by accidents of

* Disraeli: The Alien Patriot. By E. T. Raymond. Hodder and Stoughton. 18s. net.

birth and situation, he had come just a little too late on the scene. Protection, as he was the earliest in his own party to realize, had gone for ever and with it the lines of policy which were dearest to him.

Mr. Raymond writes :

With the repeal of the Corn Laws, the whole situation, as he saw it, was changed. The rising of the people was to end in mere bluster. Decisive political power was to pass from a class which, however selfish, was at least national, to a class which, however well meaning, was essentially cosmopolitan in its outlook. With the masses definitely divorced from the land, their dependence on the capitalist must be absolute. When trade was bad they would be riotous; when trade was good they would be tractable; but the mutiny would be that of a starved, the content that of a well-fed, slave. The new economic conditions might bring to the people fullness or want, or an alternation of each; what it could not bring them was power to govern their conditions. It might bring for a time more and more wealth to Belvoir Castle, but though the walls should yet stand awhile, the foundations were already being sapped. The Duke might still maintain the mere state of a potentate but without a peasantry or yeomanry his solid influence must vanish, and the passage of time must leave him an anachronism and a shadow.

Disraeli found, in short, that no sooner did his hand come within reach of the levers of government than the country he aspired to govern underwent a radical and, as he believed, a disastrous change. Perhaps the sense of this, the feeling that something he desired was being snatched from him, helped to inform with their bitter wit the speeches against Peel, which still make better reading than almost all the rest of the political oratory of their century put together. He was not, indeed, blind to the faults of the "gentlemen of England," who were thus being dispossessed. He regarded their tendency to form what he called a "Venetian oligarchy" as an earlier mistake; and his views on monarchy, aristocracy and democracy anticipated, perhaps influenced, those of Mr. Belloc—a figure with whom it would not otherwise occur to one to compare him. But he thought the landed aristocracy a feasible and healthy form of government, and for that which after 1846 was inevitably destined to supplant it he could not feel the same sympathy because it did not afford him the same inspiration.

Perhaps the shadow of ultimate defeat was always over him, for the Industrial Revolution was in full swing before his time and, as he showed in 'Sybil,' he fully realized all its implications. As Mr. Raymond remarks, perhaps the most remarkable thing about that book is its sub-title, 'The Two Nations.' For Disraeli saw, what no one else seems to have seen, that the vast increase of population suddenly induced by industrial development was being brought up a separate people, apart in circumstances and ways of thought from the rest. Old England, the agricultural people, firmly crystallized round the landed aristocracy, went on as before, but there had grown up about it in its own country this alien race. And then, in 1846, Peel dealt old England a blow from which it could not recover and from the effects of which it must increasingly suffer, and Disraeli knew that he could now never achieve what he had hoped to achieve.

If, believing this, he continued in political life, after a short interval persuading his party (a process which involved a certain amount of craftiness) to abandon Protection, must he not have been a careerist? If he had not been would he not have become a voice crying in the wilderness, warning the people against the wrath to come? The

answer is, in Mr. Raymond's words, that he was a Jew,

That is to say, a foreigner, attached to England, but not of England. He might think that England had abdicated her position as a nation. That was sad for England, a little sad for himself, who fancied England and believed himself equal to seeing her through her troubles. Sad, but not utterly tragic. England might be doomed as England, but after all there was a wider world than England, and even than Europe.

In other words, Disraeli was, as Mr. Raymond calls him, "The Alien Patriot," and he was an artist in politics. The alien patriot may sometimes be wrong about details, but he can see the broad lines of national policy without prejudice, can see that to carry on with whatever there is is better than fruitlessly to lament what is gone. The artist in politics must express himself in politics just as the poet must express himself in verse. And it is here that the real tragedy of Disraeli lies. He was, as it were, a poet born into an age of verse. He had the genius but he was denied the medium, and though he achieved more than at the outset any observer could have expected of him, yet he never achieved what he himself in the first maturity of genius desired.

He has been much written on, much discussed. But there has been a tendency to believe that the actions of a Prime Minister must necessarily be more important than the words and thoughts of a young man just rising to the head of his party. That is why even the most sympathetic have not quite avoided representing him as an astute politician and an amusing figure, but a barren statesman. Mr. Raymond, in sympathy with the young ardent Disraeli who glows at the heart of the whole career, has produced a picture which is as coherent as alive. His book contains perhaps more and more stimulating points of departure for thought than any political biography I remember in the last twenty years, and if it is attentively read by Conservatives, they may begin to understand the significance of their Party's name, and the expression "a return to Disraelian principles," usually so meaningless, will take on a meaning.

I must record a regret that the author and the publishers of the book are so insensible of its merits as not to have thought it worthy of the provision of an index.

VERSE

THE VALE BENEATH

WHEN burnished air endued the leaf strewn solitude
I came, and there the Autumn flame,
Stilled of its leaping,
Was about to fall, to die and to fall
Into earth's keeping.

Blue curled the kindled wood, as on morn's hill I stood,
And blue the heaven's highest hue,
While grey to green went sweeping
The valley grass, where shadows faintly pass
As dreams in sleeping.

Into myself there came, colour and light and flame,
Life richly steeping,
But green to grey went sweeping
The valley grass, where shadows faintly pass
As dreams in sleeping.

PERCY RIPLEY

MUSIC

THE NEW GRAMOPHONE

BY DYNELEY HUSSEY

CONVERTS are usually inclined to bigotry. But, there being no question about burning heretics, I may perhaps be pardoned a little enthusiasm about a new addition to the possibilities of making music. This addition is a gramophone. It is not that I have been unaware of the existence these many years of machines which purported to reproduce performances of music. One of these machines was my only solace on a blasted heath somewhere in the Midlands during the war. But this addition I speak of is not any gramophone; it is a new instrument as far in advance of those which were on the market until a week or two ago, as they were in advance of the old Edison phonograph. I had come to find the gramophone, as it existed until this new machine arrived, thoroughly unsatisfactory and often unbearable. It emitted sounds which were a travesty of true musical tone, and even the simplest combinations of instruments produced little but a jangle of noise. I had come to doubt seriously—and what I have heard of broadcasting has done nothing to mitigate that doubt—that musical tone could ever be reproduced with sufficient fidelity to satisfy my, perhaps sophisticated, ear. Still less did I believe it to be possible to collect upon one point the mass of sound produced by a number of instruments playing together and to re-distribute them in the same proportion as they were received. And I still do doubt whether we shall ever get from a single mechanism a distribution of orchestral tone which will convey the effect of a number of individual instruments playing together. Their values must get mixed in transmission through a single point.

But my one doubt has been completely swept away by hearing the new instrument produced by the Gramophone Company, and the other has been considerably modified. I do not intend to give any detailed account of the reproducing mechanism, whose principles I do not pretend to understand, nor have I been indulging in any of the "gadgets" used by expert gramophonists for bettering the reproduction of this or that kind of record. I have simply played through a large number of records, old and new, with the ordinary needles supplied by the Company, and listened to the result. As that is what the majority of gramophone-owners probably do, my observations may be of some value from their point of view.

The first thing which struck me, apart from the far greater fidelity to the *timbre* of the various instruments, was the fact that for the first time I was actually hearing the bass notes and not just a low noise. This reproduction of the bass has been obtained, so far as I can judge, without sacrificing the quality of the treble. How great the advance is may be judged from the fact that it is now possible to distinguish where in old records the double-basses have been reinforced or supplanted by a contra-fagotto. For some reason or other, which I do not understand, it was impossible to get the lowest stringed-instruments to record

properly and the wind-instrument was substituted. I do not think it was possible to detect this on one of the old machines. At the same time the bass-tone is apt, even on the new machine, to sound "tubby." This is by no means always the case, and I would like anyone who is dubious about its capacity to reproduce low notes with full resonance and faithful tone to hear Mme. Suggia's record of two movements from Bach's Suite in C major for unaccompanied violoncello.

In the orchestra it is now possible to hear the timpani not as a mere noise, but as the resonant instruments they are. The best example of this I have come across is the splendid record of the Minuet from the 'Jupiter' Symphony conducted by Mr. Coates. The other movements of this Symphony are, by the way, not on the same level of excellence. But even on an old and very worn Columbia record of the 'Magic Flute' Overture played under Sir Thomas Beecham, the drum-tone and, indeed, the whole orchestral balance was improved out of recognition. The trouble about the newer orchestral records is that, even with the softest needle obtainable, they produce such a volume of sound that they are hardly bearable in an ordinary room. The records of 'Parsifal' nearly blew the roof off. These records are for the most part excellent in other respects. The entry of what a friend of mine calls the Monsalvation Army is especially good. The Flower-Maidens scene and Kundry's narration from Act II are comparative failures. It seemed to me, however, that in these newest recordings the violins take on a whistling tone which is absent from the less recent ones. But that may be due to the loudness of the reproduction.

The greatest pleasure of all is to be obtained from chamber-music. I except the pianoforte, which remains despite a little improvement, flat in tone (not, of course, in intonation). The curious thing is that the pianoforte sounds much better in accompaniments, for instance, in the record made by Mr. Robeson and Mr. Laurence Brown of two Spirituals, than in solos such as Mr. Backhaus's performance of Brahms's Paganini Variations. The harpsichord sounds delightful. Above all is the String Quartet, which is now reproduced to perfection—and I use the word advisedly. Sit down and listen to Franck's Quartet played by the Virtuoso String Quartet, and you will think Miss Marjorie Hayward and her fellows in the room with you. This seems to me the truest function of the gramophone. It is a chamber-instrument and now can bring chamber-music into the home with no disadvantage except that of the inevitable breaks. They seem inevitable because it appears to be impossible to get a needle which will at once last longer than five minutes and not destroy the records. Even a string quartet can shatter a fibre-needle, as I found in playing Beethoven's second Rasumofsky, and an orchestral record quickly grinds down the steel-points. As a final word, I may say that after a fairly exhaustive test of the two instruments numbered in the Company's catalogue 111 and 126, the larger one is worth about double in musical value. It is not merely that it produces a greater volume of sound—that is in some cases a disadvantage—but that its tone has far more body to it, is more purely musical in quality and shows a greater advance from the old gramophone noise.

THE THEATRE

LIFE BY THE LIFFEY

BY IVOR BROWN

Juno and the Paycock. By Sean O'Casey. Royalty Theatre.

A TUCKET has sounded over the arrival of Mr. O'Casey in the Irish Theatre. It well might. He comes, as it were, in overalls, for he knows the tenement life. And he has not left his tools behind him, for he knows his dramatic values. 'Juno,' it is true, does not make a shapely play. Its stage-effects are intermittent and the action meanders occasionally when it should be marching. But it is a tremendous document in its incidental way. Moreover it is conceived in terms of the theatre, since the author delivers more "goods" for the actor than good advice for the audience. The Abbey Theatre's new recruit carries the hidden baton; and not so hidden either. Already it is peeping over knapsack's edge.

The scene, Dublin, a tenement. The time, 1922. The Free State is victorious and challenged. The men who fought the "Tans" are now grappling with the shadow of the "Republic." A knock at the door may be a summons to meet the firing-party, and gunfire is more common than the policeman's whistle. Mutilation of body and spirit lurks in third floor backs, and when the wrong kind of man is seen in the street, love of life will fly out of the window. Yet life bubbles on. The crack of a revolver is no check upon the popping of corks. While the young Gael plays at murder the elders can maintain a dialectical conflict which is mainly stout and bitter. Men keen and carouse in alternate sentences. Death taps on the window-pane and cannakin clinks within. There is stuff here for dark and drastic ironies. Mr. O'Casey writes of what he knows and writes with no merciful intentions. There are no evasions in what the four walls of his tenement have to tell.

"The paycock" in question is "Captain" Jack Boyle and "Juno" is his wife, so-called from her habit of getting born, married, and childed in the month of June. The captain's marine career exists but in his mind's eye, and exists the more vividly when he has mind to

Look into the pewter pot
To see the world as the world's not.

He is a scamp in the grand manner, one of those elbow-lifting Irishmen of the tradition, but kept quite clear of the nonsense world in which every morning has a top and every boy is brothy. He preens himself in parlour "snugs," and is as mean an old faggot of lies and laziness as ever added the froth of Irish politics to the froth of bottled stout. It is a grand part, naturally, for Mr. Arthur Sinclair, and on the first night this great actor was at his form's summit, revelling with tilt of the head and lift of the eye in every fine shade of pompous rascality. His Juno is a shrew with a soft heart. Nature intended her for a lady, but destiny has made her the harassed warden of a tenement peacock. Miss Sara Allgood is quite perfect in this kind.

There is talk of a legacy for old Boyle. There follows much spreading of peacock plumes in the bright light of wealth to come. Celebration means great times for "Joxer" Daly, who is Boyle's faithful shadow whenever the liquor is broached.

Hire-purchase is put to its full uses and gramophone jostles plush upholstery where once were bare boards and kitchen chairs. Young men outside are going to burial, but all is conviviality and melody around the Boyles' fire-side. Yet even this feast has its skeleton, since Boyle's son is a one-armed, nerve-wrecked survivor of civil war, one who knows that any minute may be his last. The other side want him and any visitor may carry a gun.

Then Mr. O'Casey changes course. The sails of comedy swell no more in the wind of his invention and we beat up against cold waves of disaster. The legacy does not materialize and the man who brought the news disappears, after seducing Boyle's daughter. Young Boyle is dragged out to be riddled with bullets in a ditch. The hire-purchase system looks to its defences and the plush upholstery goes down the stairs up which it came. There remains the final touch of the macabre. Juno takes her daughter to such refuge as may await them. Boyle and Joxer lurch in from a last soak to hiccough in an empty room and discuss the fact that the world is in "a terrible state of chassis."

Dublin has seen this play, I believe, without much protest, though it is twenty times as strong an accusation as ever lay beneath the laughter of Synge. So Dublin playgoers are growing up and do not bolt from the mirror. Is the mirror true or is this Dublin through the looking-glass of a twisted mind? One must leave it to the Irish to settle that. London can but reckon on the files of the newspaper and its estimate of human nature. In any case, the play is no vehicle of propaganda. It proves nothing beyond the dramatist's power to present the face of brutality leering out from the mask of vehement comedy. Mr. O'Casey is not too adroit in the shaping of his scenes, and Mr. Fagan's production was on the first night so leisurely in its pace that it emphasized the uncertain motion of the play. But one can no more deny the presence of power in this piece than one can in the engine-room of a great factory. Mr. O'Casey does not mean to let his audience off, and his vigour of presentation will let nobody's attention wander in search of gentler things.

The company reminded me of the batting in an English Test Match team; there was plentiful scoring at the top of the list, but signs of collapse lower down. The young man, for instance, who brought the good news of the legacy, spouted fire-side theosophy, and left an unwanted baby was a difficult creature to realize and he never came to life. Nor was the Labour leader who played a kind of Angel Clare to this Tess of Dublin much more plausible. Naturally one wanted to see more of Miss Maire O'Neill, whose interventions as a neighbour of the Boyles were always little gusts of delight. Mr. Sydney Morgan as the all too faithful Joxer had plainly stepped straight off the Dublin quay-side, and one could picture this starveling gentleman of leisure musing through long hours of content upon that mystery which turns the bleak waters of Liffey into a liquor prized across the world. But for the most part it was Mr. Sinclair's occasion; now and then his desire to flash the peacock plumage carried him into a too dilatory display of his genius. But the genius was there, and it had a dramatist worthy of its exercise.



Dramatis Personæ. No. 178.

MERRIE ENGLAND

THE NEW MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE: THE RIGHT HON. WALTER GUINNESS, D.S.O., M.P.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

IT was in a calm and unexpectant frame of mind that on Monday last members trooped back into the historic chamber. The House was well attended, but two of those who were there last August will come back no more—Mr. Greenwood, who died shortly after the end of the session, and Mr. Edward Wood, who has been promoted to a higher sphere. Mr. Greenwood was a familiar figure, sitting always at the top end of the second bench below the gangway on the Opposition side. A short burly Lancastrian, with thick curly hair and eyes that twinkled behind glasses—he had begun life as an operative in a cotton mill and ended it as an important mill-owner. He intervened frequently in debate with short shrewd speeches on subjects with which he was well acquainted. For long an ardent Free Trader he had been converted by practical and bitter experience, so that he died Member for the constituency of Richard Cobden, and a convinced believer in Tariff Reform.

* * *

The appointment of Mr. Wood to the Viceroyalty of India has deprived the House of Commons of a personality that enjoyed popularity among all parties. "We like his gentle way," said one of the most uncompromising members of the Labour Party the other day, and aptly expressed part of the peculiar charm which Mr. Wood exercised over his fellow members. A great future undoubtedly awaited him in Parliament, but he has gone to play the leading part upon a vaster stage.

* * *

The first two days of debate richly fulfilled the promise of dullness contained in the programme provided by the Government. Question time held forth the only hope of variety and this hope was to a large extent disappointed. There was a disposition among Labour Members to bait the Home Secretary with whom they are angry on account of his prosecution of their cast off friends the Communists, and they were so far successful as to induce him in an unguarded moment to let slip the admission that four weeks ago he gave instructions that the law was to be administered "impartially." To the inquiry which inevitably followed as to how it had been administered up to that time he was unable to give any very satisfactory reply.

Sir Douglas Hogg was more successful in dealing with the feeble effort of the Labour Party to construct a second Campbell case out of the decision of the Public Prosecutor not to charge with larceny certain young hooligans who were plainly not guilty of that particular offence. Mr. Thomas on this occasion gave the Attorney General his chance by asking in a supplementary question whether the two cases were not closely similar. Sir Douglas was quick to point out that the profound difference between the two lay in the fact that the Public Prosecutor had in this instance acted on his own authority whereas a year ago he had taken his instructions from the Labour Government.

* * *

On Wednesday there was a gala performance. The Treaty of Locarno was to be discussed. The House has not been so full since the introduction of the Budget last April. There was not a place to be had even in the front row of the gallery. Mr. Chamberlain was at his best. There was no trace of that tendency to prolixity that was noticeable in some of his speeches earlier in the year. His opening statement lasted barely an hour and his reply was made in about half that time. His manner was excellent. He was proud but not vain of what he had accomplished. He was eager to acknowledge the work of his predecessors, but he had no mock modesty with regard to the importance of his own achievement. He realized how much had been done but he was not blind to how much

remained to do. His eloquence stirred his own party and his transparent sincerity impressed his opponents.

* * *

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald strove courageously but not successfully with an ungrateful task. Nobody knew better than he that had it been in his power to conclude the Treaty of Locarno he would not only have been eager to do so, but that he would have defended it in the House of Commons as the greatest achievement of modern statesmanship. It was impossible not to detect in his speech a note of regret that he was not standing on the other side of the table as the champion of the document in which he was endeavouring to pick holes.

Both he and Mr. Lloyd George, who followed him, took the rather unhelpful and extremely obvious line that the Treaty of Locarno was a step of which they heartily approved but that they sincerely hoped more steps would be subsequently taken in the same direction. Mr. Lloyd George, in the course of his congratulations, went so far as to assert that unless some such further steps were taken the Treaty of Locarno would by itself be considered by future generations as so much "slobbering melodrama," which I feel sure that Polonius would have condemned as a very vile phrase.

FIRST CITIZEN

PEDLAR'S PACK

LATEST advices are that Mussolini is determined to visit London to sign the Locarno Pact. He will do himself little good by coming, and on the other hand he might do considerable harm to the proceedings in general. It is now almost certain that his arrival would be the signal for uncomplimentary demonstrations by Labour, which might amount to boycott and would certainly seriously disturb the spirit of harmony and goodwill among the delegates. Were Labour to decide against representation at the official banquet and other ceremonies on account of his presence, that would dissipate, so far as this country is concerned, the sense of national solidarity regarding the Pact, and lend the celebrations an unfortunate and quite unjustified party aspect. For his own sake and that of the success of the gathering it is to be hoped Mr. Duce will yet decide to stay at home. There is plenty to occupy him there. There are, for instance, several newspapers which he has not yet suppressed. What does he mean to do about them?

* * *

The Council of the Metropolitan Division National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations on Monday unanimously passed a resolution to the effect "that it is of vital importance to the party that a Conservative paper should be started which is within the purchasing power of, and of a suitable size for, the working classes." What is this august body thinking of? Has it overlooked the *Man in the Street*? Or does it, perhaps, regard that great journal as one unlikely to appeal to the working classes? If it is the bright body we expect it to be, it no doubt concluded the latter. After all, price and size are not the only considerations that should weigh with an editor who desires to attract the custom of the working classes. The difficulty is to cloak the propaganda under a disguise of racing and football and other news items that interest the proletariat. But Conservative G.H.Q. have not always been as eager in their attempts as they might have been. Once upon a time—and not so very long ago—they were offered the opportunity to assist in producing a weekly designed to appeal to the working classes, and they refused.

The Development Commissioners, a body established some fifteen years ago by Mr. Lloyd George, have been carrying on, unknown to a public which will now thank them for their labours, an investigation of "the inheritance of deafness in bull-terriers." This inquiry is to be commended not only on humane grounds but on Imperial, for it was undertaken "at the request of the Bull-Terrier Club of India," which had the happy thought of getting the investigation carried out at the expense of the British tax-payer. What this particular inquiry has cost we do not know, but the Development Commissioners spend only three-quarters of a million sterling each year, and it would be ungracious to complain of outlay when the results are so substantial. The nation is now, through the Commissioners, possessed of a large number of bull-terriers' ears, collected for histological examination, and also of the information, which could hardly have been collected without some expenditure, that "there are grades of the disability," some bull-terriers being, in fact, deafer than others.

* * *

The controversy over the Hudson Memorial has flared up again. The President of the Royal Academy, Sir Bernard Partridge, the Hon. John Collier, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, and others, have addressed a letter to the Press demanding the removal of Mr. Epstein's panel from the Park. "There is a deplorable tendency in modern art and literature," says Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, "to get away from the usual for the sake of effect." But what is the usual? The Albert Memorial? People who object to Epstein seem to imagine there was no sculpture prior to the Greeks. Have they never heard of Egypt or Assyria? Genius is ever ahead of its generation. Perhaps we should publicly burn the works of Blake for being "unusual." Perhaps we should arraign Mr. Epstein as Galileo was arraigned long ago, and make him swear never to produce anything but generals on improbable (but oh! such "usual") chargers.

* * *

A first-rate comedy of ideas is now to be seen at the Kingsway Theatre. This is 'The Old Adam,' written by Miss Cicely Hamilton and produced under Sir Barry Jackson's management. It supposes a state of affairs in which two positives make a negative, science having discovered a ray which completely paralyses all machinery. Two nations at war share the new secret and so immobilize each other. Now they must either tramp it on foot and slash it with fist or else lie down in peace. Miss Hamilton believes that the Adamite foundation of human nature will insist on halberds if it cannot have howitzers, and she pictures the war to come as being very like the war that was. This grim fantasy is worked out with a gay and nimble touch of satire and is played to perfection by a company not loaded with the mischief of big names. The dramatist contends that man cannot be happy without an enemy or serene without a "scrap." Rugby football, it seems, is not enough. But to judge from current events it soon may be.

* * *

At the week-end I saw, in Sussex, snow lying on the hills and hazel catkins swaying in the east wind, as though the seasons had confused their rotation. In a warm inn at Washington I came across this notice: "Findon Great Fair. Sale of Southdown and cross-bred ewes, lambs, rams, and ram lambs." Attention Mr. Belloc.

* * *

An interesting exhibition of paintings is to be seen at the Beaux Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, where the works of Mr. Vivian D. Ryan are on show. Mr. Ryan displays considerable technical mastery, and his paintings have charm and an obvious seriousness of intention.

TALLYMAN

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

THE AGRICULTURAL POSITION

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I fear Mr. Ryder and myself must "agree to differ" as to whether the present rural conditions are "chaotic" or not, for enough has been written of the facts to leave them open to fair judgment, and I feel it is not for me to startle him out of his serenity.

On the subject of security, however, I would like to say that the choice of the less of two evils does not make the evil selected into a blessing, and the fact that farmers prefer a yearly tenancy to a lease seems to suggest a feeling of uncertainty rather than security; nor does it put them in any better case in the event of change of ownership, which many of the farmers who had to buy their farms on the sale of an estate can testify. I have asked a number of yearly tenants this question: "Would you care to spend say £2,000 on improvements or alterations to your place that would take say seven or eight years to mature?" Some gave a definite negative, others said "they didn't think so," none replied resolutely in the affirmative.

But when Mr. Ryder says that there is too much security for the bad farmer, I am heartily with him, and would have made this point myself had space permitted. Up to December, 1924, in only 292 cases of bad farming had relief from compensation been allowed, although the lowest estimate of badly farmed holdings in England and Wales is 5 per cent., or 20,000. If, therefore, the good farmer has too little sense of security, and the bad farmer is too secure, here is another instance of "chaos," another apparently insuperable difficulty in the landlord-tenant system as we know it to-day.

Mr. Ryder goes on to "protest against the suggestion that any profit accruing to the farmer is immediately grabbed by the landlord by means of an increase of rent." Had Mr. Ryder read my article a little more carefully, he would have found that this was the very thing I specifically avoided saying. I said:

Let it not be thought that the landlord who increases rent . . . is taking part in a mean conspiracy to deprive "the workers" of what is really theirs. It is nothing of the sort—it is merely the working of economic laws. The governing factor in agricultural rent is what the farmer will pay to lease land, and if farming becomes a better proposition, it is plain that the farmers in bulk will pay more for the opportunity of farming. It may be a gradual process, working only as farms revert to their owners . . . the landlord is not a blackguard for accepting what he is offered; he would be a fool to refuse.

If a subsidy were introduced, the same thing would eventually be certain to happen as in Prussia on the introduction of Protection, i.e., a rise in rent (and wages), and this coming to the landlord who had invested no more money in producing these happier conditions could only be called unearned increment at the expense of the community paying the subsidy.

In the fact that English land is the most lightly rented in Europe, bad farming is suggested rather than misplaced benevolence on the part of landlords, and in "the golden age of agriculture" to which Mr. Ryder refers, Coke of Norfolk raised rents very con-

siderably, but to the benefit of his tenants and of agriculture because by his enterprise and money invested in his land he made it far more productive. It is because the landlord to-day is so often not in the position to follow this example that the system has come to such a deadlock.

I am, etc.,

L. F. EASTERBROOK

Micheldever, Hants

CHRISTIANITY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The article by Mr. Gerald Gould on 'Bread and Stones' concludes by asking in effect whether the human race or the "Christian" part thereof has ever really believed in or wants Christianity. Surely the answer is in the negative. The Christian world has adopted as its ethical code what were known to the Romans as maxims of law, viz., "*honeste vivere, alterum non lædere, suum cinque tribuere*." These embody a doctrine of enlightened and benevolent selfishness: myself first, and the rest—not nowhere, but a considerable distance behind. Money and services may be and are freely bestowed for the welfare of others, but only out of superfluity of wealth and time.

This is not Christianity which, on the side of conduct, may be summed up in the peremptory command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Where is the Christian to be found who treats his neighbour as well as he treats himself?

A fundamental distinction between our "Roman" morality and Christianity is that the former is better adapted to making the best of this life, while Christianity regards the life to come as vastly more important. Perhaps the race shows a sound instinct in maintaining the interests of the self here and now, since this is done by the lower organisms and seems a necessary condition of their survival. Another test that may be applied to the alleged acceptance of Christianity is to ask fairly what would be the effect of real Christianity on our social and economic system. Both would come crashing to the ground.

The answer to Mr. Gould is that people do not want Christianity. They may want certain comforting things about it and they are attracted by the concrete personal God, but they will not accept His rule of life.

I am, etc.,

THEODORE D. LOWE

198 Bath Street, Glasgow

THE DISEASE OF WILSONISM

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I have every respect for Mr. Ratcliffe's judgment in matters of international politics; but in his criticism of my article he seems to have missed the point I was making. I distinguish clearly between the general awakening of Asia, a movement which it is now a commonplace to date from Japan's successful prosecution of her war against Russia, and certain flamboyant claims which have swept through the East during post-war years. It was these latter that I named "the disease of Wilsonism." Wilson's speeches were reported verbatim in Egypt and India and their precise effect is, I suggest, a matter which has yet to be estimated. That they had a profound effect is admitted everywhere both by our own officials and by Indian and Egyptian leaders. That the effect was chimerical and undesirable was the thesis which my article supported. Whatever may be said of that matter it cannot be explained or refuted by Mr. Rat-

cliffe's references to what happened in India "in the first decade of the century."

I am, etc.,

B. IFOR EVANS

3 Orchards Way, Highfield, Southampton

AN AMERICAN ON DEBTS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Silliman is not fair in his letter in your issue of October 24. He omits to say that the U.S.A. doubled her wealth out of the war, and that in July, 1914, when nearly all the best U.S.A. industrial companies were insolvent, or very nearly so, the European War was a godsend. A reference to one leading book on finance will show how prices, capitals and dividends have increased, and how the first and last did this between 1914 and 1919.

U.S.A. has no right to complain that prices have risen to the consumer, for that is a common factor with both creditors and debtors.

But with regard to the payment of debts, it seems to me that U.S.A. can choose one of two arguments: either she entered the war for a moral reason and it was her war as much as anyone else's; she so declared and for that reason most of her men went to fight, and in that case she has no right to try to collect the costs of the cause; or she went to war to protect the sums she had by 1917 lent to Europe, and in that case she is perfectly right to collect all she can. But she cannot have the credit of fighting for a moral principle and the cash for a commercial.

Wilson will rightly go down in history as the man who kept U.S.A. out of war long enough to set her on her financial feet. And as an Englishman I admire him for it as much as I despise his pleas of moral issues.

I am, etc.,

A MEMBER OF THE ST. GEORGE'S
SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In his explanations Mr. Silliman omits the one of supreme importance, viz., U.S.A. declared war in the spring of 1917, and began fighting in the spring of 1918. In the intervening year the Allies were therefore fighting the U.S.A. battle as well as their own. It cost us millions of men and thousands of millions of pounds, and saved U.S.A. commensurately, but instead of offering to pay their share (they could not share the lives, alas!), they insist upon bleeding the impoverished nations as white as they can.

I understand that the inhabitants of the Atlantic seaboard are ashamed of this behaviour, but U.S.A. are ruled by the Middle West.

I am, etc.,

A. G. DUNCAN

THE POPULATION PROBLEM

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Sir Leo Chiozza Money will hardly convince anyone of the logic of his deduction simply by reiteration.

In his letter on the population problem he merely repeats with minor variations the statements in his book which I tried to show reason for doubting. His implication that I have misrepresented his point of view is unjustifiable, on his first point because the whole book is devoted to an attempt to prove by population statistics that the Whites are in danger, which in view of mental and moral differences is absurd, and on his second because he did definitely say and still insists that it is the fault of the Dominion Governments that more emigrants are not attracted to their lands.

I am, etc.,

YOUR REVIEWER

21 November 1925

1855—1925

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

DEAR SATURDAY REVIEW,—You have thousands of readers, but few like me, who have known you from the first of your seventy years. I am sixteen years your senior and owe a great part of my education to you. I was reader to my father, Captain Anderson, R.N., whose sight was failing, and you were a joy to me especially after reading the Naval Estimates all through. You were an infant Hercules strangling snakes in your cradle, and like Hermes you stole the bolts of Jupiter and hurled them at the Thunderer's head.

Old words of yours yet dwell in my memory after long years. As when you hailed the Resurrection of Italy with "We remember no more the anguish for joy that a new Italian nation is born into the world."

It is human to err, and you did *once* make a mistake, but one that did you greater credit than if you had been a thousand times right: you were indignant and scornful when Constance Kent was "dragged (a mere schoolgirl of sixteen) into Court and charged with the murder of her baby brother." I hope that if you live another seventy years you will never make a mistake that is not equally to your honour. England never needed more than now the help of her best writers and thinkers. She is on the edge of the razor; she has cut down her Navy below the safety line. The Navy is England.

I have nearly two hundred years of sailor ancestors behind me. I plead with you to help the Navy.

With heartfelt congratulations and good wishes,

Moritura te Salutat,

EMILY CHRISTIANA POWELL

Kensington High Street, W.

[It gives us particular pleasure to be able to publish this letter.—ED. S.R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—On the occasion of your seventieth anniversary, may the unknown as well as the great pay their tribute to the good work rendered week by week by the REVIEW? The first introduction to the SATURDAY REVIEW was when I used to see it in my father's study. In these days of hustle and little time for constructive thought, it serves a national purpose by causing some to reflect upon issues of importance.

I would urge that too much attention cannot be directed to the need for non-association with the Fascisti, as their actions are deemed to be approved of by the Conservative Party and to my knowledge are used as weapons for attack and inculcating class distinctions. After all, Englishmen are fairminded and the weakness shown to those who interfered with the freedom of the Press, also the Pollitt prosecution, are instances somewhat curious.

Many may be inclined to abstain and some vote against a party that leaves these things unanswered. The recent scenes in Islington, where Fascists were provoking trouble, are not likely to bring votes to the Conservative candidate. I have also heard of persons wearing Socialist colours being assaulted by those of a different complexion. This again is negation of liberty of thought. To suggest every Labour man is a Communist is gross folly, and further, is deeply resented. Some persons calling themselves Conservatives by their actions and their words are consciously or otherwise aiding and abetting class warfare and the growth of Socialistic views.

Again, some lady probably unacquainted with school teachers, at a conference of Conservative women, expresses the view that teachers are Socialists instilling wrong ideas in the young, but if asked to produce evidence would find it difficult. Reference in the *Schoolmaster* a fortnight ago. Does this help teachers?

Is it fair to damn the whole profession? Do such utterances without substantiation do any good? I would suggest, on the contrary, harm is done.

I am, etc.,

D. H. MACARTNEY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In your seventieth anniversary number of the SATURDAY REVIEW I can find no reference to one of its most notable achievements—that wonderful "First Illustrated Supplement" for Christmas, 1896, a copy of which so many would like to recover from the lumber of the past. There has never been a Supplement quite like it. Is it too much to hope you will give us another one day that we shall be now wise enough to preserve?

I am, etc.,

MAX JUDGE

3 Loudoun Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.8

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—It is always refreshing to find a journalist take an intelligent interest in architecture, and although Mr. Anthony Bertram's article 'Recent Architecture' is admirable in parts, he is out of his depth when he condemns Pearson's church. Has Mr. Bertram ever been inside? If he will make an appointment to meet me there I think I can convince him in five minutes that it is one of the greatest achievements of the Gothic Revival. I agree that the outside is the least satisfactory part, and Mr. Bertram may obviously retort that it is the outside that concerns Red Lion Square, but he says "the church of St. John . . . and other buildings are vile," and this cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged.

Hearty congratulations on your wonderful birthday number. I was brought up so well that I was introduced to the SATURDAY REVIEW in the days of my youth and I have not missed a number for twenty-six years. The weekly articles of "Max" and of the late John F. Runciman will remain as refreshing memories to the end of my days, but the dear old "Saturday" has never been better than during the last few months.

I am, etc.,

S. B. CAULFIELD

1 Woburn Square, W.C.1

IL DUCE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Signora Sarfatti, in your issue of November 7, pleads guilty to minor inaccuracies in her 'Life of Mussolini,' but accuses me in her turn of inexactitude, since I suggested there were passages of her book which her translator, Mr. Frederic Whyte, had cut out. I could not know of the existence of these passages, she points out, since the book has never been published in its original Italian. But Signora Sarfatti's very eloquent, but somewhat redundant, literary style is better known than she appears to realize, and my deduction that much material had been eliminated in translation was not, it appears, ill-founded, since she herself states that various passages were cut out or cut down before her very interesting book was published in its English form.

As for the "assault" of the Communists against the Black Shirts at San Lorenzo in Rome, I, as an eyewitness, must continue to differ from Signora Sarfatti, though her letter is couched in so courteous a tone that I would fain agree.

I am, etc.,

YOUR REVIEWER

[Several letters are held over owing to lack of space. ED. S.R.]

NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

The Region Cloud. By Percy Lubbock. Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

Jericho Sands. By Mary Borden. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

Odd Pairs. By Laurence Housman. Cape. 5s. net.

NO writer has had a clearer idea of what the novelist's method ought to be than Henry James, and no one is better equipped to demonstrate that method than Mr. Percy Lubbock. He has adopted from his master everything—the ethics, the subject, the point of view, the style, even the mannerisms, and embodied them in 'The Region Cloud.' A man of letters called Austin, needy, unknown and proud, encounters in the dining-room of a French provincial hotel the world-famous painter, John Channon. How the great man sees in him the image of his own youth, flatters him, pets him, confides in him, makes him his secretary, and finally shocks and alienates him—this is Mr. Lubbock's theme, as it might easily have been Henry James's. The catastrophe, too, as so often in Henry James, is brought about not by the stroke of destiny or by the conflict of wills or by mutual incompatibility and irritation, but by the discovery for "our young man" of an inherent baseness of fibre in his patron and exemplar, a vulgarity of moral deportment so glaring that further association with him becomes immediately unthinkable. If Channon consents to paint Lady Cordelia's portrait (Channon had said you might as well try to paint a scream), will the egregious Bumpus, her unspeakable admirer, agree to hand over to Channon the large sums he needs for the completion of his grandiose schemes—the erection of a belfry and cloister, a kind of private *campo santo* in the grounds below his garden? Quite why anyone should want to do this, even to illustrate the ostentation of his nature, we are at a loss to conceive, but Mr. Lubbock succeeds in investing the undertaking with something of the vain impiety which, we feel, went towards the rearing of the Tower of Babel. Gradually Austin begins to detect the feet of clay and from that moment the intimacy of the two men is virtually doomed, in spite of Austin's efforts not to see what lies plain before his eyes; from that moment he feels every act of Channon's to be an affront to his moral and aesthetic susceptibilities. And this again is characteristic of James, though one wonders whether even he realized the full magnitude of the discrepancy: the spectacle of a hyper-subtle, hyper-sensitive mind caught in a snare the enormous meshes of which would scarcely have scraped the hide of a moral hippopotamus, so gross was it, so visible, so easily avoidable, one would have thought, by the Better Sort, the Finer Grain.

Mr. Lubbock has reaped a rich harvest from his application of the Jamesian method. The glory of Channon's setting, the rich mellow beauty of his house, the scope and reach of his reputation, the impact of his character on the young man, these are portrayed with the utmost subtlety, and one does not pause to ask was there ever a house so perfect, a reputation so unchallenged, a character so irresistible in its appeal. The manifestations, the implications of Channon are immense; the core of Channon is hard and small. Emotionally inflated, morally shrunk, that is the characteristic, the formula almost, of the bad people in James's books, and he believed in their wickedness as perhaps he believed in nothing else. Mr. Lubbock is kinder to Channon, but there he is among the black sheep, and we are not expected to examine him but to judge him.

In spite of its indebtedness to its model 'The Region

Cloud' is not a pastiche, the virtue had not gone out of James's mantle when it fell upon Mr. Lubbock. Only, James was a pioneer and Mr. Lubbock is not; James was always reaching out for something new, Mr. Lubbock is occupied with breathing life into what is old. He pares away excrescences, he refrains from exuberance, so that his work is to some extent a criticism of his prototype's; his surface is if possible more even and his style much less extravagant. He distinguishes his characters more clearly than James did in his later work; any improvements and modifications that a man of intelligence can make without presumption upon James's achievement, he makes; but he does not add to that achievement. And therefore, though we read him with a living and not an antiquarian interest, we cannot extract from 'The Region Cloud' the exciting sense of the creative spirit feeling its way. The scenery along the road is as good as it can be, but we have been there before.

'Jericho Sands' is a novel that no one need be ashamed of writing and that no one could regret reading. It ought to be more than that, for it is accomplished, solid, witty, penetrating. It has a most tragic theme, worked out through the medium of characters all of whom have a back-bone as well as hearts to break. The mortality is high among these passionate people. Priscilla Brampton, the daughter of a hard-riding English squire and his saintly, evangelical wife, Lady Agatha, meets with a mishap during her first season in London. It is a slight affair, the result of too much champagne on her side and boorishness and bad manners in the man who insulted her. But she exaggerates the incident, imagines herself "going to the bad," and in a panic, to "make herself safe," marries her neighbour, Sir Simon Birch, Lord of the Manor and Vicar of his parish. He is an ascetic, heading towards religious mania; she, it turns out, cares for little but out-door occupations, and nothing for the state of her soul. Her husband's growing asceticism makes their relations more and more difficult, her baby dies and she is forbidden to have another. Then she meets Crab Willing, heir to the enormous house, Jericho Sands, and they fall in love with each other. The war follows; Simon becomes a pacifist and is all but ostracized by the world to which he belongs. His miseries, of which jealousy is the sharpest, derange his reason. His wife, after a terrible and perhaps rather improbable scene, leaves him and goes abroad with her lover.

There are almost too many calamities, and the characters are never represented as really capable of happiness or of making a good job of their lives. The man destined from birth for tragedy is only half tragic; and Miss Borden makes what we think is the mistake of giving us at the beginning, through the mouth of a third person, a long discussion of her characters, declaring her intention of breaking them on the wheel. The sense of free-will is absent from the book, and necessarily, because only so can Miss Borden make us feel that the accumulation of disaster is nobody's fault. Passion and a good heart exonerate Crab, and Priscilla; Simon is eaten up by religious zeal and half the time not responsible for himself. The sense that it could not have happened otherwise also impairs the force of the ethical problem in the book, the problem illustrated by the bad ends of Simon and Priscilla: which is to be preferred, a rigidly theological conception of conduct, or the more elastic, but hardly less definite standards that obtained with Priscilla and her world, standards which Miss Borden affirms to be essentially English? For the purposes of her novel Miss Borden has assumed that those standards are distinct, owing nothing to each other. "Decency" to Priscilla was indecency to Simon, without inverted commas. We think that the distinction is probably unreal, and is the measure of the unreality which devitalizes 'Jericho Sands.' The characters are constructed to fit the situation and the situation is the

product of a false distinction and a false antithesis. In detail the book is excellent. Miss Borden is a workmanlike and a brilliant writer; but in this instance her rigid adherence to her theme has turned the bus, fiction, into a tram.

How wayward, by contrast, is Mr. Housman. 'Odd Pairs' is a collection of five stories written over a considerable number of years. They are leisurely and sometimes amateurish in execution, but they have intimacy and an individual quality of imagination, which makes everything it touches its own. They have the air of having been written to please the author; they are not smartened up for public appearance, but left with here and there a vista unexplored, a hint dropped and not taken up. Mysterious and unforced, they rather take one's interest by surprise than by storm; and their reticence, the fact that they lie open, as it were, to one's curiosity without compelling it lulls the mind into receptivity. Mr. Housman deals with village and country life, usually, as the title of the book suggests, with strangely-assorted couples who, with the immobility of the poor, cannot get away from each other. A blind man, a miser, has his daughter to keep house. From thinking him stingy she gradually grows to share his passion, takes advantage of his blindness to shuffle the coins as he counts them, putting shillings for sovereigns. The end would be melodramatic but for Mr. Housman's power of sticking to the prosaic quality in action. Though each reveals a different mood the tales are all sombre. The last, 'Man and Dog,' an odd and original study in crime, gives the effect of taking place outside of time; one cannot find a date for it, for it has not even the fabulous but clearly recognizable antiquity of the action in a fairy tale. It might take place equally well in the present or the Anglo-Saxon era. Mr. Housman's work contains many of these small miracles.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.

THE book of the week is Mr. Hardy's new volume of poems, 'Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs and Trifles' (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net), a surprisingly large addition to the mass of its author's poetry. The most striking *édition de luxe* is that of 'The Physiology of Taste' (Dent, 2 gns. net), with a preface by Mr. Arthur Machen. The most companionable book of the week would be Mr. Robert Lynd's 'The Money Box' (Methuen, 6s. net) if the same publishers had not simultaneously issued 'The Charles Lamb Day Book,' in which Mr. E. V. Lucas, always so happy in work of this kind, gives us an excerpt for every day of the year.

Of books aside from the general stream we may particularly note 'Stage-Lighting for Little Theatres' (Heffer, 5s. net) by Mr. Harold Ridge, a fascinating work for the general reader as well as the producer.

In criticism we have 'Critical Essays' (Faber and Gwyer, 7s. 6d. net) by Mr. Osbert Burdett, whose subjects include Hawthorne, Meredith and Charles Chaplin.

'The Tcheka' (Philpot, 8s. 6d. net) is a startling first-hand account of the Russian terror. 'The Isles of Fear' (Faber and Gwyer, 15s. net) is a searching study of conditions in the Philippines. 'Allenby of Armageddon' (Hodder and Stoughton, 20s. net), by Mr. Raymond Savage, has a self-explanatory title.

'The National Gallery' (Bell, 25s. net) is the second volume of the admirable survey made by Sir Charles Holmes, who here deals with the Netherlands, Germany and Spain, and whose third volume, due in 1927, will cover British and French painting.

An entertaining burlesque of gastronomy, 'The Glutton's Mirror' (Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d. net), testifies to the late Mr. William Caine's high spirits and skill with pencil and pen.

REVIEWS

A NEW ANTHOLOGY

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

The Silver Treasury of English Lyrics. Edited by T. Earle Welby. Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.

MR. WELBY has produced a companion volume to Palgrave. The easiest way of explaining what he has been doing is simply to throw a handful of familiar lovely lines at your head. Here are some:

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day.

and

How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!

and

... her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
That one might almost say, her body thought...

and

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu...

and

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And Time is setting with me, O!

and

Ah, Sun-flower, weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun...

and, to make an end, that lovely haunting line that Mr. Belloc has praised so frequently:

And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

I could go on hurling equally lovely passages at your head, but these will do very well. Asked where they are to be found, we should probably reply, without thinking, that they can be found in the Golden Treasury. But they are not. They are to be found in Mr. Welby's Silver Treasury. And that explains, better than any long quotation from his preface, which is admirable but not, after all, so beautiful as the passages above, what he has been doing and why he should have chosen to do it.

But conducting these famous beauties to their rightful places in the gallery has only been one part of his task. The other has been to cast about and find some beauties for himself, to look further than the great names that Palgrave did not always justly represent or the well-known poems that he somewhat strangely overlooked. Here is a sonnet that you may or may not know:

Long time a child, and still a child when years
Had painted manhood on my cheek, was I,—
For yet I lived like one not born to die;
A thriftless prodigal of smiles and tears,
No hope I needed, and I knew no fears.
But sleep though sweet, is only sleep, and waking,
I waked to sleep no more, at once o'ertaking
The vanguard of my age, with all arrears
Of duty on my back. Nor child, nor man,
Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is grey,
For I have lost the race I never ran:
A rather December blights my lagging May;
And still I am a child, though I be old,
Time is my debtor for my years untold.

This very beautiful and melancholy sonnet is the work of Hartley Coleridge. The editor, with what I hope is not unprofitful irony, places it next to Wordsworth's 'To Hartley Coleridge, Six Years Old,' in which the solemn poet addresses the "faery voyager," who was to remain such a voyager all his life, leaving behind him a few fine sonnets and critical essays, some scattered bright promise, and a number of head-shaking friends among the dalesmen of the Lake District.

And then there is, for another example, Sir Walter Raleigh's 'The Wood, The Weed, The Wag,' in which the Elizabethan gentleman, as our editor hints, has something of the manner of a Shropshire Lad:

Three things there be that prosper all apace
And flourish while they are asunder far;
But on a day, they meet all in a place,
And when they meet, they one another mar.

And they be these: the wood, the weed, the wag.
The wood is that that makes the gallows tree;
The weed is that that strings the hangman's bag;
The wag, my pretty knave, betokens thee.

Now mark, dear boy, while these assemble not,
Green springs the tree, hemp grows, the wag is wild;
But when they meet, it makes the timber rot,
It frets the halter, and it chokes the child.
God bless the child!

A grim piece this. But Mr. Welby is not without a taste for such things, and I notice that he could not resist (and I am glad that he could not) that even grimmer piece of Donne's which tells us of "A bracelet of bright hair about the bone." There is indeed far more here in the spirit of 'Il Penseroso' than in that of 'L'Allegro'; we are never allowed to stray very far from the grave; but as that is, on the whole, the fashion of our best poetry, we can hardly quarrel with the editor on that score.

But that does not mean we are not going to quarrel with him. The editor of a good anthology is there to be thanked and to be abused in the same breath. The fact that he has produced a good anthology will not save him from our abuse, if only because when we are faced with a good anthology we demand an even better one, namely our own, the one we have always intended to make. Mr. Welby, after paying his tribute to Palgrave, points out that he was "too hospitable to certain writers" and ignored or under-represented others. And that, of course, is our quarrel with Mr. Welby. When we come to actual names, we shall all quarrel, but for my own part, I think Mr. Welby has been too kind to Blake, Poe, Emily Brontë, Ebenezer Jones, and one or two others. On the other hand, he has offered only poor hospitality to Coleridge (who does not have much space in Palgrave), Burns, Byron, Wordsworth (though Palgrave was kind enough here), and the eighteenth-century poets in general. (His own taste is for the seventeenth century and a strain of mingled wit and fancy). And why does he give us two poems of Peacock's already in Palgrave (a fact he overlooks in his preface) and yet omit the best of all Peacock's drinking songs, the one that begins:

If I drink water while this doth last,
May I never again drink wine . . .

I have not done abusing Mr. Welby, but as I have not yet thanked him at all, I will reserve the remainder of my angry questions until the time comes when his book is in everybody's hands. I shall not have long to wait because it is such an admirable piece of editing, in every respect worthy of the beautiful little dedication with which we begin our reading and an hour or two of enchantment.

MERRIE ENGLAND

England's Green and Pleasant Land. Cape. 6s. net.

THE anonymous author of this satirically-named but otherwise good-tempered study of the English countryside has affinities with Cobbett on the one hand and Messrs. Powys and Powys and Mr. Bernard Gilbert on the other. If, however, he has not the "Mutton fist" (as Hazlitt had it) of Cobbett, he is at least free from the gin-and-adultery complex of the storytellers. He has lived at close quarters with his people, but still, as Miss Mitford said of "Our Village," the picture is a "likeness." We can feel that, even though Stephen Bloss, Henry Richardson,

Mr. and Mrs. Hulse, the poultry-farmers, Joan Hutton, Miss Milsom, and the rest are composite portraits and of no one in particular.

The author, one imagines, has very few illusions about "Merrie England." He does not write of the present with a watery eye on the past, but with a bright and keen look to the future. His interests seem to lie in village clubs, Morris dancing, and the lighter vices of that sort. But there is good in him besides this, and any amount of common-sense. He does not tell you how three crops of vegetable marrow may be obtained from the same soil in a single year, but rather of the disastrous snobbishness of the "county" folk, the dangers to the cottagers of bad housing, and the lethargy of certain of the clergy. He is justly intolerant of those who leave the towns to lead the simple life in the country, of those who have been living to themselves in the suburbs and who mean to live to themselves more than ever in the shires. If he does not turn up his nose at popular institutions he is not afraid of downright criticism, especially of the church, and of the schools.

The interest of the book is sustained by the author's capacity for the re-creation of character and his dramatization of a situation rather than in the propounding of any scheme to prevent emigration from country to town or vice versa, or of any means by which landlord and cottager may come to a better understanding. He is too wise to do anything but leave such questions unanswered. His book will be enjoyed by those who wish to see the countryside and its people through eyes other than those of *Punch* or a group of depressing novelists. The fictional method, however, seems hardly fair to those who are looking for something other than short stories in a new manner. The composite picture of peasant, landowner and landscape cannot be anything but misleading, even though it is done deftly and with much more than the ordinary storyteller's skill.

LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN

"We Two." Reminiscences of Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Two Vols. Collins. 36s. net.

AS the reader lays down these two volumes the fact that remains most deeply impressed upon his plastic mind should be the good fortune of Lord and Lady Aberdeen in suiting one another so admirably. The success of their collaboration in literature—so great that often it is impossible to tell who wrote what—is only paralleled by the success of their collaboration in life. Long an open secret for all who enjoyed the privilege of their acquaintance on other than political grounds, this fact is now proudly proclaimed to the world. Lord and Lady Aberdeen have walked hand in hand through life, seeing all things from the same angle under a serene Victorian sun. Many women have helped their husbands to win distinction in the social or political world, but few can have excelled Lady Aberdeen in capacity for sympathy and comradeship: this is the outstanding and agreeable moral of this duplex autobiography. There was, of course, a time when the two lives here chronicled ran in separate though converging channels, and these early days are described by each of the actors in them. The currents coalesced in 1877, "when I was made the most blessed woman in all the world at St. George's Church, Hanover Square," says Lady Aberdeen, who continues to hold the pen until Lord Aberdeen takes it from her to narrate his first experience of official life as High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. From that chapter onward it is not always easy to know which is speaking, nor does it really matter, for, as we have said, the chief feature of the book is its intimate picture of an exceptionally happy married life.

Hutton,
raits and

illusions
te of the
t with a
interests
and the
d in him
se. He
marrow
gle year,
of the
s of bad
e clergy.
ne towns
ose who
and who
r in the
popular
criticism,

by the
acter and
n in the
ion from
means by
a better
hing but
t will be
side and
f Punch
fictional
who are
ies in a
unt, land-
but mis-
ith much

EN
d Lady
e. net.

imes the
upon his
ord and
imarily.
ture—so
ote what
collabora-
enjoyed
er than
occlaimed
e walked
from the
Many
inction
have ex-
thy and
greeable
was, of
icled ran
d these
made the
George's
een, who
en takes
f official
Assembly
pter on-
peaking,
aid, the
re of an

One of their first joint achievements was to persuade Mr. Gladstone into adopting the week-end habit, against which he had strenuously stood out before on the ground that "it separated parents from their children on a day when they should be together." But he soon fell a victim to the allurements of Dollis Hill, a secluded rural retreat in the 'eighties, when motor cars were unthought of and Chequers would have been accessible only with difficulty and discomfort. We have a very pleasant description of country life at Haddo House, where Lord Aberdeen acted the model landlord with universal approval and Lady Aberdeen came enthusiastically into the picture. The chapter entitled 'Fifty Years a Laird' is a valuable contribution to the history of Scottish estates and Angus cattle. The chapters describing Lord Aberdeen's work as Viceroy of Ireland and Governor-General of Canada are a vivid picture of work among the people, in which Lady Aberdeen played a conspicuous part. Her account of her truly Christian efforts to raise the status of domestic servants and other working women shows how near her heart this duty lay. It is for other pens to recount the praiseworthy outcome of her enthusiastic toil, in which she was ably seconded at all times by Lord Aberdeen. The book is a worthy and characteristic record of a joint life dominated by a sense of the social and religious duties which are attached to great hereditary place and possessions.

BRITISH BIRDS

British Birds. By Archibald Thorburn. Vol. II. Longmans. 16s. net.

THE second volume of Mr. Thorburn's new work is perhaps even better than the first, for the crows, hawks, owls, herons and the miscellaneous group which he retains in the now obsolete "Picarian" order include the grandest and most brilliant British species, and give the artist in colour an opportunity which he has shown no lack of boldness in seizing. The kingfisher, for instance, is almost startlingly brilliant; yet no one who has seen the bird at its best will have any fault to find with it. The main purpose of the book is not to give a purely artistic presentation but to depict every regular British bird in a way which will make it easily identifiable, and on the whole this object has been most satisfactorily achieved. The three harriers, for example, are admirably posed to display their characteristic markings, which in the case of the two smaller species are rarely apparent in an illustration. Where the immature plumages differ a second figure is often added: the almost black juvenile gannet and the immature great spotted woodpecker (whose red crown has caused much confusion and error in identification) are particularly useful examples. Mr. Thorburn we notice remarks that the British Lesser Spotted Woodpecker "should be more properly called the Barred Woodpecker," as of course it should; but would it not have been better to show the courage of his convictions and use Barred Woodpecker as the main title himself, as several good ornithologists already do? The text in this second volume is rather more adequate, but it is a pity that Mr. Thorburn insists on being a reactionary in nomenclature, using scientific names which have long been forgotten in preference to the accepted list of the British Ornithologists' Union.

The likenesses of the birds are as good as Mr. Thorburn's always are and it is difficult to pick out any one or two as being particularly excellent. Only one gives a distorted impression: the chough, which is drawn far too flat in the crown and proportionately too short in the "legs." Since it has also been allowed only half a page of text this rare and interesting bird has a right to complain that Mr. Thorburn has treated it very shabbily indeed.

INTRIGUE IN ASIA

In the Heart of Asia. By Lieut.-Colonel Ether-ton. Constable. 16s. net.

COLONEL EThERTON, who had already travelled in Chinese and Russian Turkistan, was sent by the British Government on a special mission to Kashgar early in 1918, at the most critical period of the World War. He had the advantage of speaking Turkis, and in his new book, 'In the Heart of Asia,' he leaves the reader in no doubt that Russian Turkistan was one of the storm-centres of the great struggle.

Soviet Russia was aiming at the world revolution and racial warfare in Asia, and the German Emperor, with his usual optimism, had arranged a State entry into India, with himself in the principal rôle. The first of these plans had to be frustrated on the spot, and a British Political Resident and Consul-General who could speak the language was of great value.

Colonel Ether-ton's book throws a light on many dark problems, especially that of Afghanistan towards the end of the war. Russian Turkistan is not only a granary for Russia, it is also a vast cotton-growing country, nearly two million acres being under cultivation, and there were huge stocks of that indispensable war material lying there in 1917-18. It was known here that the Central Powers were anxious to acquire them, so, with that cheerful vagueness which characterizes Whitehall, our Government requested Colonel Ether-ton to forestall the enemy. It was an undertaking which would have required 750,000 baggage animals and an expenditure of twenty-two million rupees to carry out.

Needless to say, the project was abandoned. Meanwhile the Bolsheviks were endlessly stirring up strife in Russian Turkistan. The tale (told in this book for the first time) of how the Amir of Bokhara, himself attacked by Russia under cover of the "Young Bok-

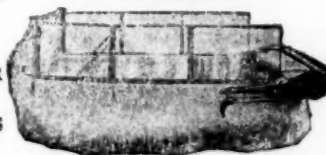
Opens with the
Doors.

ROTAX

Neatness itself.

Patent Rigid
Accessible

ALL
WEATHER
SIDE
CURTAINS



Showing curtains opening with doors.

THIS equipment provides a closed saloon for a very small outlay. Curtains open with doors and remain rigid with hood up or down. Trimmed in material to match hood. Sizes given below are merely example sizes.

MORRIS-OXFORD, 4-seater, 6 panels, 2-30 in. x 16½ in., 2-32½ in. x 16½ in., 2-23 in. x 16½ in. Price 47 7 0

MORRIS-OXFORD, 2-seater, 4 panels, 2-25 in. x 16½ in., 2-16½ in. x 16½ in. Price 23 18 9

MORRIS-COWLEY, 4-seater, 6 panels, 2-36½ in. x 16½ in., 2-29½ in. x 16½ in., 2-18½ in. x 16½ in. Price 26 16 6

MORRIS-COWLEY, 2-seater, 4 panels, 2-24 in. x 16½ in., 2-13 in. x 16½ in. Price 23 13 6

CITROEN, English body, 4-seater, 6 panels, 2-31½ in. x 15½ in., 2-21 in. x 15½ in., 2-26 in. x 15½ in. Price 26 16 6

CITROEN, French body, 4-seater, 8 panels, 2-19½ in. x 19 in., 2-13½ in. x 19 in., 2-18 in. x 19 in., 2-22 in. x 19 in. Price 29 9 0

ESSEX, 4-seater, 6 panels, 2-30 in. x 19½ in., 2-23 in. x 19½ in., 2-30 in. x 19½ in. Price 28 8 0

FIAT, 4-seater, 6 panels, 2-25½ in. x 18 in., 2-26 in. x 18 in., 2-25 in. x 8 in. Price 26 16 6

STUDEBAKER, 4-seater, 6 panels, 2-24 in. x 21 in., 2-10½ in. x 21 in., 2-24 in. x 21 in., 2-14 in. x 21 in. Price 29 8 0

JOWETT, 4-seater, 6 panels, 2-17½ in. x 15½ in., 2-18½ in. x 15½ in., 2-17½ in. x 15½ in. Price 26 15 6



ROTAX FOGLIGHT.

For fitting on near side dumb iron. Adjustable Bracket allows light to be thrown on edge of road. Do not risk accidents. Fit a Rotax Foglight and drive in safety.

Cat. No. 553.

Price each ... 25/6

ROTAX "SPOT-"

LIGHT"

A powerful and effective lamp. Supplied in nickel or black and nickel finish. Fitted with mirror at back.

Cat. No. 550.

Price each ... 35/-

ROTAX (MOTOR ACCESSORIES) LTD.
ROTAX WORKS, WILLESDEN JUNC., LONDON, N.W.10

Branch Depots:
BIRMINGHAM ... Landor Street
TAUNTON ... Newton's Works
GLASGOW ... 19/21 Oswald Street
MANCHESTER ... 271/3 Deansgate
BRISTOL ... 7 Temple Street
LEEDS ... 117 Park Lane

hara Party," fled from his capital disguised as a carter, and offered to put his State under the protection of King George and his enormous fortune under that of the British Government, is most romantic.

Colonel Etherton has a sense of humour which enabled him to cope with the intricacies of Chinese etiquette, which demands at a banquet that the host and others should "select morsels from their own plates and deposit them on that of the principal guest," though it must have been a severe strain on his gravity to receive high Christian officials attired in sumptuous embroidered robes, but wearing "small Tyrolese felt hats of Austrian manufacture." 'In the Heart of Asia' is distinctly a book to read, inasmuch as it gives the thoughtful much to ponder over with regard to the eternal problem of Afghanistan.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Evolution of Anatomy. By Charles Singer. Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d. net.

NATOMY and Physiology are rather subjects for specialists than for the general public, but Dr. Singer deals with them here not by giving mere catalogues of the work done by the first observers of anatomical details but as a part of the history of the growth of human knowledge; he places his heroes in the atmosphere of their time and shows their connexion with the Art and the Philosophy which was being taught and practised by their contemporaries. One of the features which gives especial interest to this work is the number of illustrations it contains, most of them of general interest: twenty-two plates and one hundred and seventeen figures in the text. As a successful lecturer on his subject Dr. Singer knows the advantages of an appeal to the eye, and he has a special gift for picking out good illustrations. The account of the history of anatomy in England is one that has interest for other professional readers, the story of Harvey being exceptionally well told. The book is the substance of the Fitzpatrick Lectures for 1923 and 1924.

Canine Distemper. By Louis Sewell. Routledge. 4s. 6d. net.

THIS is a wholly admirable guide to the treatment and, especially, the nursing of distemper cases, both for the owner of a considerable kennel or for the man or woman with one "best friend." The advice given is perfectly clear, simple, and direct from a store of very wide practical experience. The distemper germ has not yet been discovered, and there is no panacea for this most distressing and frequently dangerous complaint. Quack "cures" are advertised from time to time which are nearly always harmful: not less so are the popular fallacies and superstitions regarding the disease which are still ripe among dog owners. These Mr. Sewell ruthlessly exposes. Nor does he attempt to disguise the fact that adequate nursing of distemper, especially in its more complicated forms, is both an arduous and unpleasant duty. The aspect of the book that will particularly appeal to whole-hearted dog lovers is the author's personal fondness and affectionate care for the sick animal which is implicit upon every page. Here you feel is a man of science who has "given his heart to a dog to tear," and who with enormous enthusiasm has set out to fight against ignorance and neglect. There are five excellent photographs of dogs, and one of a Pekingese "spaniel."

The Borderland. By Theo. B. Hyslop. Allan. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS is a cheap edition of Dr. Hyslop's admirable text-book, with the omission of four highly technical chapters. We have no better recent authority on the problem of insanity, and in this form the book should find a wide public.

ACROSTICS

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the list printed on this page from time to time.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 194.

TO HAMPSHIRE NOW IF YOU WILL TURN YOUR EYE,
OUR PAIR OF 'PILLARS' YOU WILL SOON DESCRIBE.

1. A priest—a feast—a gathering uproarious.
2. Take half of one, an ancient godhead glorious.
3. Vast its effect on the unlettered mind.
4. Transpose a band which round their necks men bind.
5. Cutting its contents, yea, and warming, too.
6. To ears polite more elegant than chew.
7. Familiar to the Toilers of the Sea.
8. Where perils lurk, 'tis foolish this to be.
9. Legless, I yet may hop it with the best.
10. He does his work while honest people rest.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 192. (Last of the 13th Quarter.)

ONE WAS THE DEATH OF MANY AN OLD-TIME SINNER,
THE OTHER, QUITE A FAMOUS DERBY WINNER.

1. There's music in me, outcast though I am.
2. And me they call the parent of the lamb.
3. Which of us views his leavings with disdain?

A WELL-WARMED HOUSE

Your entire home can
be delightfully warmed
without pipes or radiators

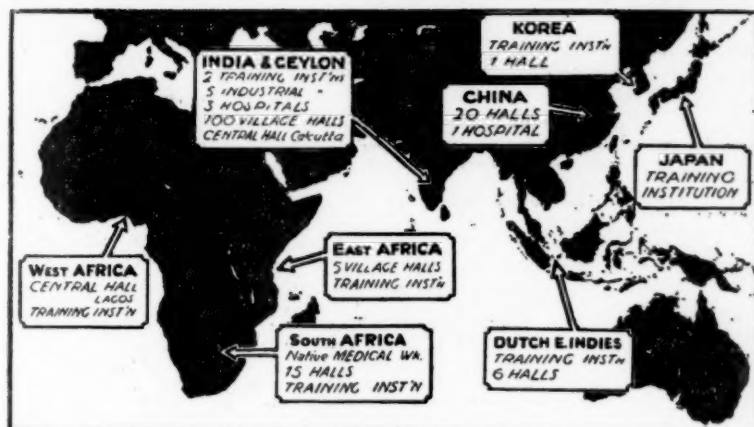
The Onepipe Heater floods the whole house from ground floor to attic with the genial temperature of June. Every room, passage, landing and staircase is uniformly heated from beginning to end of Winter. Installed complete in a few days with no disfigurement to the house, at a cost of approximately £120 to £140. Suitable for buildings of every size and description. Burns Coke or Anthracite. Stoking only twice daily. Many hundreds of installations in the United Kingdom. A heater operating in a private residence in London can be seen by appointment.

Write or call for Booklet
and list of Installations

International ONEPIPE HEATER, Ltd.

11 Victoria St., Westminster, London
Telephones: Victoria 4383 and 824

More LIGHT in DARK PLACES



LIFE in many non-Christian lands is a tragedy of darkness. Reports filter through from time to time, but the appalling bodily and spiritual needs of those who inhabit the dark places of the world are known only to those whose lives have been devoted to their amelioration.

The Salvation Army has centres of operation in many

of these areas, succouring the sick and needy. In the Indies, for instance, in addition to schools for the young, Industrial Homes for both men and women, Prisoners' Homes, etc., the Army has established colonies for the unfortunate victims of Leprosy, and has achieved remarkable success in the reformation of Hereditary Criminal Tribes.

General Booth has long been impressed by the need for

A BIG ADVANCE

but through lack of funds it has remained an ideal.

With the approaching

SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY of



GENERAL BOOTH

his officers feel that the opportunity is arriving for fulfilment of this now overdue development.

THANKSGIVING MEMORIALS which shall be centres of Salvation service and training are to be established at strategic points. The proposed new foundations include among many others:

- RESCUE HOME, CALCUTTA.
- CENTRAL INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTION FOR INDIAN CHILDREN.
- TRAINING HOME, ETC., LAGOS.
- HOSPITAL, S. CHINA.
- DISPENSARY, S. AFRICA.
- HOSPITAL, TELEGU COUNTRY.
- TRAINING GARRISON, JAPAN.

A WORLD - WIDE APPEAL

is being made to all those who value the work of the Salvation Army under its devoted Leader, and who realise the **WORLD-WIDE NEED** for such an undertaking.

WORLD peace and world civilisation are rocking in the balance.

Can a better safeguard be devised than to increase and equip the Salvationist outposts in these troubled non-Christian lands?

It is hoped to raise at least

£70,000

in this country.

The SALVATION ARMY has the **WORKERS** trained by Experience. Many have given a lifetime in the service of their fellows. **METHODS** tested by Experience. **RESULTS** proved by Experience. Readers of the "Saturday Review" are earnestly asked to help provide the **MEANS** for this great advance.

GIFTS, large or small, should be addressed: The Subscribers' Secretary, 101, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., who will also be pleased to furnish further particulars.

4. Here men transact affairs that bring them gain.
5. Take half: the whole 'twere prudent to decline.
6. Acid, but not unwelcome when we dine.
7. Slowly, at my approach, the Gentiles flee.
8. Transpose a scaly inmate of the sea.
9. Its powdered root will caterpillars quiet.
10. Reverse what forms for fowls no wholesome diet.
11. Of decorative art a style debased.
12. The loan he offers don't accept in haste.
13. No fish is this—at least, it can't be *smelt*!
14. If high enough, the very rocks will melt.

Solution of Acrostic No. 192.

P	aria	H
E	w	E
T	estato	R
E	mporiu	M
R		Isk
T	ar	T
E	orne	T ¹
E	ka	H
H	ellebor	E ²
E	nabne	H ³
R	ococ	O
M	oneylende	R
I	nodorou	S
T	emperatur	E

¹ "I will send hornets before thee, which shall drive out the Hivite, the Canaanite, and the Hittite before thee . . . By little and little I will drive them out from before thee."

Exod. xxiii. 28, 30.

² The powdered root of white hellebore is used by gardeners for killing caterpillars.

³ Henbane, as its name implies, is particularly destructive to domestic fowls.

ACROSTIC NO. 192.—The winner is Mr. T. M. Young, Brampton Lodge, Withington, Manchester, who has selected as his prize 'The "Clio,"' published by Putnam and reviewed in our columns on November 7. Fourteen other competitors named this book, seven 'The Little World,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT: Still Waters, Boskerris, St. Ives, F. M. Petty, N. O. Sellam, Carlton, Sisypus, Martha, Lionel Cresswell, Trike, Baitho, and Baldersby.

ONE LIGHT WRONG: Beechworth, Plumbago, Quis, R. Ransom, D. L., Bolo, Mrs. J. Butler, Melville, Gay, Zyk, J. E. Goudge, Peter, Doric, Iago, Lillian, Dolmar, C. J. Warden and Jorum.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG: Barberry, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Crucible, Madge, Lady Mottram, A. de V. Blathwayt, Zoozoo, and Lar. All others more.

ACROSTIC NO. 191.—Correct: T. E. H. Birling. One Light wrong: F. Sheridan Lea.

OUR THIRTEENTH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The winner is Viscount Doneraile, 91 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1, who is requested to choose a Book, value not more than two guineas, reviewed by us during the past three months. The leading scores were as follows:—Baitho and Carlton 117 (the latter was successful when the lot was cast); Gay, Iago, St. Ives, and C. J. Warden 116; A. de V. Blathwayt, Martha and Trike 115; East Sheen, N. O. Sellam and Zyk 114; Boskerris and Lillian 113.

MOTORING

PETROL PUMPS

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

IT is reported that the petrol companies are about to meet the retail trade to discuss various questions relating to petrol pump installations. The retail motor trader in the provinces wishes to retain all supplies for the motorist in his own hands and is very jealous when hotels and other traders are allowed to supply petrol through such installations. This is a matter that really affects the public. Throughout the length and breadth of the land, the inhabitants of this island have been accustomed to bait their horses and "feed" their motor cars at various hostelrys on the road. It is true that hotels cannot give full garage service, though there are some that are equipped for this purpose, but they are the exception rather than the rule. At the same time it would be inconvenient for people if they could not get the tanks of their cars replenished at the inns at which they stop for luncheon, tea, or dinner and perhaps for the night. At the same time, one does not wish that the motor agent and garage-keeper should be deprived of his legitimate trade. Perhaps it is for this reason that so many of the larger hotels have sub-let their stables, now converted into garages, to a motor agent who runs that part of the business independently of the hotel proprietor. In such cases, no doubt, the retail motor trader will have no objection to the continuation of this policy. It is the inn that sells only oil and petrol

to motorists, whether they can garage their cars or not, that is objected to. Whether the large distributors of petrol will take any notice of the trade's protest remains to be seen. It has been stated that the companies are prepared to meet the trade by withholding a pump if it does not appear that there is adequate service rendered to the public. With the large influx of cars on the road week after week it would be ridiculous to pretend that the garages are sufficient to house all the travelling cars at night; and usually motorists prefer to fill up in places where their cars remain and not to drive them out to some other spot for re-filling before they can start on their morning's journey.

* * *

As petrol pumps and other matters regarding motor-ing are threatened with further legislation, 'The Vehicle Laws,' a book recently written by Mr. Anthony William Hall, a Sergeant of Police in the Shropshire Constabulary, has been published by W. V. Walker & Sons, of Shrewsbury, at a very opportune time. Various acts and regulations affecting the use of motor vehicles sadly needed collating in a condensed form. This the author has successfully accomplished, and he here presents the salient points of the many acts connected with the registration, licensing and taxation of road vehicles. The book is remarkably well indexed, while in the appendix extracts in full of various sections of the Revenue Act of 1869, Customs and Inland Revenue Acts of 1872, 1875, 1888 and 1890 and the Motor Car Act of 1903 are given. The various statutory rules and orders governing the use of road vehicles including those issued to the end of 1924 are also given. Motorists will find this book of practical use, whether they are proprietors of single vehicles, or of motor transport fleets and hackney carriages.



SOUTH AFRICA

The Coming Country

With its efficient State Railways, well-equipped harbours, large deposits of cheap coal and other mineral resources, its notable electric power developments, increasing production of raw materials and ample reserves of labour, the Union of South Africa offers splendid opportunities for the judicious investment of capital by industrialists, manufacturers and agriculturalists.

At the same time the superb climate, social amenities and the general attractiveness of the country combine to make it an ideal land of residence.

A studied perusal of the free official books ("W.B.") dealing with Industrial Developments and Residence in South Africa will interest you. Apply to Publicity Agent, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.



For your
AUSTIN Twelve

costs only
£4:10:0

Waverley

"The World's Best Light Six." £16 Tax.

WAVERLEY CARS LTD. (Estab. 1910)

**TRENMAR GARDENS, WILLESSEN,
LONDON, N.W.10**

The Guaranteed Spirit

PRATTS

- for Efficiency -
- for Uniformity -

ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL CO. LTD., 36, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.1.



The vast increase in the
number of cars on the
road makes

GOOD BRAKES IMPERATIVE

See that yours are lined
with



The Linings that make motoring Safe

STOCKED BY
ALL GARAGES

FERODO LIMITED, Chapel-en-le-Frith

DEPOTS and AGENCIES—London, Birmingham, Leeds,
Manchester, Bristol, Belfast, Coventry, Newcastle, Liverpool,
Glasgow, Aberdeen, Carlisle and Brighton.

Here is Britain's Motor Masterpiece!

HERE is the answer to the eternal query: "Which is the best car I can buy?" In the 20/60 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam you have the ideal engine and chassis, combined with perfect coachwork.

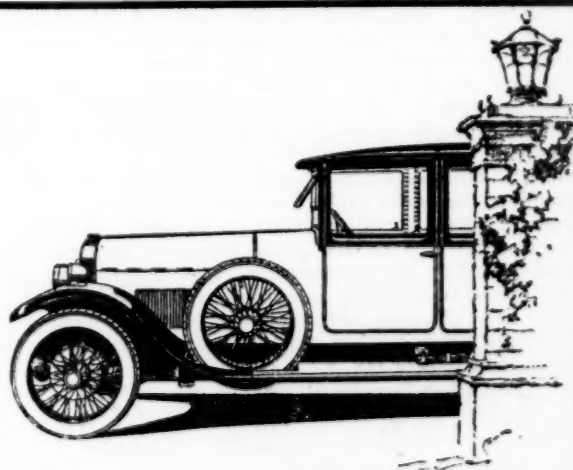
An engine of abundant power, produced smoothly and quietly at all speeds. A chassis designed to withstand years of hard work. Steering unusually light, and four-wheel brakes giving ample security at all speeds. Equipment is very complete and the coachwork not only of attractive appearance but designed to give the fullest measure of comfort.

The Supreme Car

SUNBEAM

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., Moorfield Works, WOLVERHAMPTON.

London Showrooms: 12 PRINCES STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.1. Manchester Showrooms: 106 DEANS GATE



Such a supreme example of automobile excellence cannot be valued in mere pounds and shillings. With all its refinements and efficient performance the 20/60 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam is offered at prices ranging from £950 for the five-seater open touring car, up to £1,275 for the Enclosed Landaulette.

Don't rest content until you own a Sunbeam!

14/40 h.p. Four-Cylinder Chassis, £405; Touring Car, £625, 30/60 h.p. Six-Cylinder Chassis, £795; Touring Car, £950; Three-Litre Six-Cylinder Chassis, £950; Four-Seater Car, £1,125; 30/90 h.p. Eight-Cylinder Chassis (short wheel base) £1,050; long wheel base chassis, £1,250; with Limousine or Landaulette body, £1,550.

CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE glut of new issues continues. Last week a new Gold Coast Government issue was made in the form of £4,628,000 4½% inscribed stock 1956 at 94%. What reason the Gold Coast Government or its advisers had for assuming that an issue could be made on such unattractive terms has not been divulged; it was condemned from the moment of its appearance. This result was inevitable. Underwriters were left to take no less than 97% of the issue. It seems astounding that the Crown Agent of the Colonies should have been so ill advised as to make this experiment, and underwriters are loud in their complaints. It is most undesirable that issues made by our over-seas dominions in this country should be allowed to prove failures; there is no reason why offers made on sound lines should not be oversubscribed; and this result could be most certainly obtained if they were made at attractive prices, and brought to the notice of the investing public in the same manner as industrial and foreign issues.

AN ATTRACTIVE DEBENTURE

Cauldron Potteries, Limited, have this week issued £250,000 6% First Mortgage Debenture Stock at 96%. The debentures are redeemable at 102% by means of a cumulative sinking fund of 2% per annum, commencing in 1928, to be applied in purchases in the market at or under 102, or in drawings at 102. Interest is payable half yearly on March 31 and September 30, a full half year being payable on March 31 next. The debentures are 10% paid, a further £86 becoming payable on March 25, 1925.

The Company was formed in 1920 and acquired the china and earthenware manufacturing businesses of Cauldron (Brown-Westhead & Co.) Limited, established in 1774, and six other companies engaged in the same trade. The objects of this issue of debenture stock are to discharge an existing loan from the Company's bankers of £150,000, and certain other outstanding liabilities; to provide for structural alterations estimated to cost £15,000; to provide the sum of £15,000 towards the discharge of the liabilities of the Coalport China Company and for further working capital. Messrs. Price Waterhouse & Company have examined the books of the Company for the four years from January 1, 1921, to December 31, 1924, and have certified that the profits of the business, ascertained after providing for maintenance of buildings, repairs and renewals of plant, machinery and loose effects, etc., and charging all expenses before deducting Directors' remuneration, mortgage, bank and loan interest, and income tax, were as follows:

Year ending December 31, 1921	£34,873
do. 1922	£67,240
do. 1923	£53,561
do. 1924	£49,885

An annual average profit of ... £51,390

They further certify that the net assets plus proceeds of the recent issue amount to £650,159. It will be seen that, both as regards security and interest, the debentures are well secured, and as, of their class, I consider them attractive I recommend them.

CONTANGO DAY

The Stock Exchange Committee have passed new rules subject to confirmation on the 23rd of this month to the effect that the present arrangement by which

mining shares contango a day before other securities will be altered, and all securities will contango on the day at present reserved for mining shares. A further rule stipulates that, unless otherwise specified, all bargains done on contango day will be for the ensuing account. The change will affect all investors who wish either to close bargains for the current account or deal for "new time." As account days generally fall on a Thursday, it will mean that all contangos will be done on the preceding Monday, and all dealings on that day will be for the New Account. It is hoped that this alteration heralds the re-opening of the Stock Exchange on Saturday. If this most desirable step were taken, preliminary contangos would be done in on Saturday, thus obviating breaking into the previous week.

RUBBER ACTIVITY

The further substantial rise in the price of rubber has led to a reawakening of activity in the rubber share market. Opinion is gaining ground that although the price of the commodity may be subject to fluctuation no prolonged fall is likely to occur for the next twelve months at least. It is further suggested that the end of 1926 may see an actual rubber shortage. There is little doubt that consumption is increasing, and many factors point to this state of affairs continuing. On the other hand, production up to 1930 has its decided limits; there was no considerable amount of fresh planting between 1921 and 1925. Personally I am most optimistic about the industry, and look for boom-like conditions in the rubber market within the next six months. Good companies, and there are many of them, must earn enormous profits, and the dividends will make the shares look cheap.

RUBBER RECOMMENDATIONS

I have in the past referred to several rubber companies. I would like to add two to the list:

Malaya General at 4½.

Rubber Estates of Johore at 1½.

I think a purchase of these shares should show a handsome profit within the next twelve months.

A SPECULATION

I think a purchase of Tinfields of Northern Nigeria at the present price of 13s. should prove lucrative.

VULCAN IRON FOUNDRY

My attention has been drawn to the £1 ordinary shares of the Vulcan Foundry, Limited. The issued capital of the Company consists of 100,000 £1 5% cumulative preference shares and 845,097 £1 ordinary shares. The Company paid 8½% on its ordinary shares for 1925, 7½% for 1924 and 15% for 1923. The capital reserve stands at £362,893, and investments less reserve stand at £626,878. I hear good reports of the prospects of the Company, which is in most capable hands, and I consider the shares a promising industrial investment at the present price of 31s.

UNION CORPORATION

I have in the past frequently referred to Union Corporation Shares, and have recommended them as a first-class investment, for good dividends and capital appreciation. This week the shares have touched 56s. 3d. The interests of the Corporation are varied, and include mining shares in South Africa and Mexico, and a large interest in the Enka Artificial Silk Co. I expect to see the price of these shares go higher.

TAURUS

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE

INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

Total Funds Exceed £30,816,000. Income \$9,107,000

London: 61 Threadneedle Street, E.C. 2

Edinburgh: 64 Princes Street

DRUGLESS HEALING THROUGH THE SPINE

Basic Nerve Treatment by Spinal Manipulation Winning Approval by Achievement.

NOT unnaturally orthodox opinion looks askance at any new method of healing which appeals to the public through the medium of the Press, although it must be obvious that the publicity thus gained must be both in the interests of sufferers, and more or less a condition of the early practical success and eventual growth into orthodox acceptance of the treatment itself.

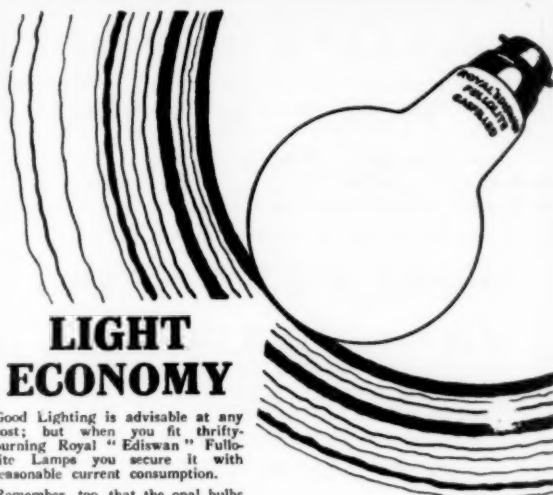
It is only to be expected, of course, that the claims put forward on behalf of a treatment which appears to be so revolutionary should be carefully investigated. While, however, the practitioner of Chiropractic Spinal Adjustive Treatment enlists the aid of Press publicity, it should be clearly understood that he is none the less following a serious profession of healing for which he has qualified by the most arduous and prolonged study extending over a period of years. So that when you entrust yourself to the hands of the Chiropractic Spine Specialist, you may do so with the fullest confidence that the utmost human skill is at your disposal.

In America this method of healing is no longer in its infancy. Authorized colleges, recognized by the Government, provide the most exhaustive training, and the fully qualified practitioner of the method is a master of the spine. By his hands alone, by means of painless deft manipulation, he adjusts those misplaced spinal bones, which are pressing on nerves, and causing disease at the nerve ends in the organs and tissues. Nerve energy is thus released, and, flowing again in normal volume through the entire area served by the nerve, rapidly brings about the restoration of healthy function and the elimination of abnormal conditions.

In this country the method has a fully qualified representative in Mr. Willoughby Garzia, D.C. Here and in other countries it is winning approval by results. Prejudice, hesitation, scepticism cannot long survive the steadily accumulating tale of successes in the treatment of such obstinate maladies as Asthma, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Goitre, Neuritis, and many others achieved by this drugless method when all other healing systems have failed.

Chiropractic Spinal Adjustive Treatment is given personally by Mr. Willoughby Garzia, D.C. (Certified Doctor of Chiropractic) at his fully equipped Chiropractic Consulting Rooms, No. 20 Mansion House Chambers, 11 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4. A short explanatory talk on Chiropractic to men only every Wednesday at 5 p.m., admission free. Fifteen minutes' free consultation on Tuesdays and Thursdays. 'Phone CITY 8518 between the hours of 12-5.30 p.m. (Saturdays excepted).

Literature Free by mentioning this paper and nature of ailment.



LIGHT ECONOMY

Good Lighting is advisable at any cost; but when you fit thrifty-burning Royal "Ediswan" Fullolite Lamps you secure it with reasonable current consumption.

Remember, too, that the opal bulbs give a pleasing sunny radiance, with perfect diffusion to eliminate all risk of eye-strain. The special glazing prevents dust collecting.

There are Royal "Ediswan" Lamps for all voltages and for all lighting needs—at all Electrical Dealers and Stores.

Full Licensed under Patents Nos. 23765.12, 10918/13, and others.

ROYAL "EDISWAN" FULLOLITE LAMPS

THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO., LTD., 123/125 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4

Phone :
Gerrard 3157-8.

Telegrams :
"Forenaft-London."

YACHT SALES AND CHARTERS, LTD.

The Yachting Monthly Offices, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2

Have been authorised by the Owners to sell the following Magnificent Yachts:—

1,800-TON STEAM YACHT, large accommodation. Recently fitted out at large expense. Complete and ready for sea. Reasonable price. Folio S.Y.80.

1,200-TON STEAM YACHT, in excellent condition, with large accommodation. Turbine and triple expansion engines. Lying Mediterranean. Reasonable figure. Folio S.Y.82.

900-TON STEAM YACHT, built 1911, of steel. Triple expansion twin screw engines. Entirely redesigned after the war, refitted and finished. Speed about 14 knots. Moderate price for quick sale. Folio S.Y.44.

253-TON STEAM YACHT, built of steel in 1894 by Day & Summers. Compound engines. Speed, 9 knots, on economical consumption. Deckhouse, 2 saloons, 4 staterooms. In excellent condition. Price £2,000. Folio S.Y.38.

92-TON STEAM YACHT, very fast and economical. Designed by Dixon Kemp, and exceptionally well built; very easy and cheap to run. Two saloons and 3 staterooms. Given away, £1,300. Folio S.Y.2.

129-TON AUX. KETCH, built teak. Kelvin engine. Deckhouse, saloon, 4 staterooms. Lead keel and ballast. Excellent condition. Suitable for ocean cruising. Price £5,000. Folio A1,008.

54-TON AUX. YAWL, old type but sound condition. Inspection Isle of Wight. 23 h.p. Kelvin. Good inventory. Berths for 6 ex-saloon. Fine headroom. Good seaboot or would make a fine mobile houseboat. Price for immediate sale £475 or would accept five annual payments of £115. Folio A1,012.

115-TON MOTOR YACHT, 120 ft. x 14 ft. 6 ins. Built recently of teak. Complete inventory. Twin engines. Price £8,000. Folio M1,375.

75-FT. TWIN SCREW MOTOR YACHT. Two saloons, one mahogany panelled, other convertible double cabin, making 3 double, 1 single, large light staterooms, ex-saloon and P.C.; galley 12 ft. x 5 ft. Spring mattresses, carpets, cushions, curtains, etc. Schooner rigged, with funnel on fidlay, teak skylights and fittings. Two 60 h.p. Parsons paraffin engines, giving 11 knots, 3 gallons per hour per engine at 8 knots. In full commission. Seen Thames. Open to any survey. Just returned cruise Holland. Splendid seaboot. Smart appearance. £1,500. Deferred payments arranged or exchange steam yacht. Folio M51.

33-FT. MOTOR CRUISER, built 1924. Saloon, stateroom, galley. Astle Studebaker engine. Electric starter and lighting. Owner built larger boat. Price £550. Folio M40.

28 FT. x 7 FT. 6 INS. DAY CRUISER, built 1924. Straight bow, transom stern. Astle Studebaker 24 h.p. engine, with self-starter. Lighting set. One saloon. Price £400. Folio M120.

14-TON CUTTER, 35 ft. x 10 ft. x 5 ft. 3 ins. Built 1905. Spoon bow, counter stern. Saloon, stateroom, forecabin. 20 h.p. engine. Lead keel. Fine seaboot. Seen Solent. Folio A34.

A large selection of Steam Yachts available for winter charter

FULL PARTICULARS ON APPLICATION TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS.

The R.S.P.C.A. 'Faked' Film

A PUBLIC MEETING
OF PROTEST

against the Departmental Committee's Report
on the Export of Horses will be held on

Monday, Nov. 23rd, at 3 p.m.

AT
The Central Hall, Westminster
S.W.1.

Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE in the Chair
Supported by Mr. CECIL CHAPMAN, J.P.
Lt.-Commander The Hon. J. M. KENWORTHY
R.N., M.P.
Monsieur JULES RUHL, President Belgian S.P.C.A.
Miss A. M. F. COLE and others

The R.S.P.C.A. Film will be shown and explained

Admission Tickets gratis from the R.S.P.C.A., 105 Jermyn St.
S.W.1.

The Best Smoke
of the Day.

SOME say that the first smoke
of the day is the best one.
Others maintain that the
after-dinner pipe yields the most
pleasure. Perhaps they are both
right. After all what does it matter
when you know that you are sure
of a pleasing and satisfying smoke
every time you fill your pipe
with Player's Navy Mixture?

**PLAYER'S
NAVY MIXTURE**

P.1055

'Saturday Review' Competitions

NOVEMBER 21, 1925

Competitors must cut out and enclose this coupon

SCHOOLS

ADVICE (Free of charge) on SCHOOLS,
TUTORS, etc., by

N. W. ROSS, M.A. (Cantab.), B. ès L. (Paris)

(Twenty years' experience as a Schoolmaster).

Write, with age of pupil, fees, district, etc., to:

BURROW'S SCHOLASTIC AGENCY (R 98)

(Publishers of "Schools of England," etc.)

175 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1 Gerr. 3462



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S APPEAL

"I APPEAL

to the men and women of our Empire and, indeed, to all who value
the practical example of heroism and humanity, to give generously
in support of our great Life-boat Service."

We need 1,000,000 Annual Subscribers of

FIVE SHILLINGS

to provide and maintain the whole Service.

Please send your 5/- To-day

and be "One in a Million,"

Will you also remember the Life-boats in your Will?

There is no subsidy from the State.

Lord Harrowby,
Honorary Treasurer.

George F. Shee, M.A.,
Secretary.

**ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
LIFE-BOAT HOUSE,
22 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2.**

Visitors to London (and Residents) should use

DARLINGTON'S

"Very emphatically tops them all."—DAILY GRAPHIC.

LONDON

"A brilliant book."—THE TIMES.
"Particularly good."—ACADEMY.

AND By Sir Ed. T. COOK, K.B.E.

8th Edition Revised.

ENVIRONS.

30 Maps and Plans. 80 Illustrations.

60 Illustrations. Maps & Plans. 7/6

NORTH WALES.

100 Illustrations. Maps & Plans. 7/6

DEVON AND CORNWALL.

60 Illustrations. Maps & Plans. 6/-

FRENCH & ITALIAN RIVIERA.

100 Illustrations. Maps & Plans. 4/-

SWITZERLAND & CHAMONIX (France)

2/- PARIS, LYONS, & RHONE VALLEY | 2/- THE FRENCH RIVIERA

2/- CHAMONIX (France) & ENVIRONS | 2/- THE ITALIAN RIVIERA

2/- LAKE OF GENEVA, RHONE VALLEY & ZERMATT

2/- BERNE, THE BERNESE OBERLAND & LUCERNE

2/- ST. MORITZ, PONTRESINA and the ENGADINE

Llangollen—Darlington. London—Simpkin's. Paris and New York—
Brentano's. Railway Bookstalls and all Booksellers.

APPEAL

S T. MARY, EDMONTON.—Please help this very poor parish
of 8,000 people by sending cast-off clothing, boots or
"rummage" of any kind to the Mission Sister, St. Mary's
Mission, Edmonton, N.

I NSURANCES. — CLIENTS BEFORE COMPANIES. —
£5 reward for any better Endowment result than our £634 in
25 years for £12 yearly, any age (Ministers, £11 16s.). Lowest
reliable motor insurances. Full cover: 11.9 h.p. cars, £7 14s.;
Singers, £8 17s.; Morris Oxfords, £8 11s.; Cowleys, £7 14s.;
Ford vans from £7 12s. Cycles equally low.—NORTON and
MOORHOUSE, Agents, Portobello, Midlothian.

G ENTLEMAN (35), B.A. Oxon., Barrister, Sportsman, war
service, seeks Post for winter (or permanency) with moder-
ate remuneration; would go anywhere, or execute business
commissions abroad. Unimpeachable references. Interview.—
Write Box 909, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, Covent Garden,
W.C.2.

Kinemas

STOLL PICTURE THEATRE, KINGSWAY

Daily from 2 to 10.45 (Sunday, from 6 to 10.30. New Programme.)
Sent Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. (November 23, 24 and 25.)
MARY PICKFORD, "The world's sweetheart," in
"LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY"

ADOLPHE MENJOU, RICARDO CORTEZ and FRANCES HOWARD in
"THE SWAN"
from the famous stage play, etc.

Sent Thursday, Friday and Saturday. (November 26, 27 and 28.)
"THE GREATEST LOVE OF ALL"
starring GEORGE BEBAN.

"PARISIAN NIGHTS"
starring LOU TELLEGEN and ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN, etc.
Managing Director: SIR OSWALD STOLL.

Theatres

COURT THEATRE, Sloane Sq., S.W. Sloane 5137 (2 lines).
Evenings at 8.15. Matinees Wed., Thurs. and Sat., at 2.15.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

By Eden Phillpotts.

LONDON'S LONGEST RUN.

XMAS ARRANGEMENTS—TWICE DAILY, DEC. 19 TO JAN. 2.

GLOBE. Gerrard 8724-5
Evenings at 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2.15.

MARGARET BANNERMAN in

LULLABY

By Edward Knoblock

KINGSWAY THEATRE. Gerrard 4032
Every Evening at 8.30.

THE OLD ADAM

A Comedy by Cicely Hamilton.

[MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2.30.]

Literary

£200 CASH for Novel, Short Stories, Poems. Full particulars, post free. Address: Mr. Arthur Stockwell, Publisher, 29 Ludgate Hill, London. Songs, Music, Essays, Films, Plays also required. No reading fees. Established 1898.

SCIENTIFIC, Technical, Medical and other MSS. carefully typed. From 1s. per 1,000 words. MISS STEAR, 8 New Cavendish Street, W.1.

Miscellaneous

A REAL SAVING.—Overcoats, Suits, Costumes, etc., turned and beautifully re-tailored just like new. Write for descriptive price list, or submit garments for free estimate. We collect in London. 'Phone: Clissold 4777. London Turning Co., The Pioneer Turning Specialists, Dept. R., 16 Chardmore Road, London, N.16.

A WARNING

Have your clothes TURNED. Saves buying new ones. Send your Overcoats, Suits, Costumes to the ACTUAL tailors—not middlemen. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Garments returned BEAUTIFULLY RE-TAILORED like new—Price List free or send Garments for FREE estimate.
SUIT TURNING CO., LTD., (Dept 20), 10 Duke Street, London, E.C.3
Specialists in Turning since 1886. 'Phone: Avenue 5721.

EXCELLENT MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES constantly occurring; highly successful recommended methods. Send now stamped addressed envelope for free particulars. GREEN & CO., 17 Church Lane, Hull.

REAL HARRIS.—Lewis and Shetland Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Any length cut. Patterns free. State shade desired. NEWALL, 138 Stornoway, Scotland.

MANUSCRIPTS quickly and accurately typewritten from 1s. per thousand. Carbon copies half price. French and Serbian copying and translating.—MISS SANDES, 125 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.

P & O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s Passenger and Freight Services.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF,
BURMAH, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, &
MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA.

Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1; Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall St., E.C. 3, L.L. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3.

Under - Insurance may mean Bankruptcy.

Inability to replace property and goods not covered by insurance may mean bankruptcy. Complete protection can be secured by adequate insurance.

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

142 HOLBORN BARS, E.C.1

All Classes of Insurance Business transacted.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's CHLORODYNE

The Reliable Family Medicine The Best Remedy known for
with over 70 yrs. Reputation COUGHS, COLDS

Always ask for a "Dr. COLLIS BROWNE." INFLUENZA, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

Acts like a Charm in DIARRHOEA, COLIC A True Palliative in NEURALGIA and other Bowel Complaints. TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM, GOUT

Of all Chemists, 1/3 & 3/- THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE.

Books

BOOKS.—Alken's Coloured Prints, "Cockfighting," 4 for £15, 1841; Oscar Wilde: His Life and Confessions, by Frank Harris, 2 vols., 1918, £2 2s.; Rousseau's Confessions, illus., with Etchings, privately printed, 2 vols., 24s.; Burton's Arabian Nights, illus., 17 vols., Best Edition, £15; Dumas' Celebrated Crimes, 8 vols., £2 2s.; Jowett's Plato, 5 vols., 1875, £6 6s.; London Tradesmen's Cards of the 18th Century, by Ambrose Heal, 1925, £2 2s.; The Uncollected Work of Aubrey Beardsley, 1925, £3 2s.; The Masculine Cross and Ancient Sex Worship, 8s.; Henry Fielding's Works, best Edit., with Intro. by Gosse, 12 vols., £6 6s., 1898; Smollett's Works, Edit. de Luxe, 6 vols., 1902, £4 4s.; Les Aventures du Chevalier De Faublas, best large type edit., 2 vols., illus., Paris, 1842, £3 3s.; The Novellino of Masuccio, trans. by Waters, illus., 2 vols., 1895, rare, £6 6s.; Julian's Dictionary of Hymnology, 1892, 15s.; The Graphic, 38 vols., £12; Sporting Magazine from 1826, with many rare plates, 27 vols., bound in 22, £10 10s.; Hannay Sex Symbolism in Religion, with an Appreciation by Sir George Birdwood, 2 vols., 25s.; J. M. Barrie's Works, "Kirriemuir" Edit., 10 vols., scarce, £7 7s.; Scott's novels, fine set, "Dryburgh Edition," 25 vols., £3 3s.; Thackeray's Works, nice set, 12 vols., £3; R. L. Stevenson's Works, "Vailima" Edit., 26 vols., £38. Send also for Catalogue. 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. BAKER'S GREAT BOOK SHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham. BOOKS WANTED: Crawley's Mystic Rose; Housman, A Shropshire Lad, 1896; Beerbohm, Happy Hypocrite, paper covers, 1897; Yet Again. 1st Edit., 1909; Caricatures of 26 Gentlemen, 1896; Boydell's History River Thames, 3 vols., 1794, Erewhon, 1873; Erewhon Revised, 1901; Way of All Flesh, 1903.

Some Tributes from the Press to the SATURDAY REVIEW on its Seventieth Anniversary

The Manchester Guardian

To-day's SATURDAY REVIEW reviews a long period—the whole seventy years of its life. Threescore years and ten is the traditional span for a man; as weekly reviews go it is a good deal over what insurance companies call "the normal expectation." But the SATURDAY has achieved that milestone and shows no sign of ageing; indeed, the excellence of this birthday number is in some way the measure of its present vigour. The now famous names of old contributors are recalled—from John Morley and Lord Salisbury to Bernard Shaw and Max Beerbohm—and some of them are still here and have written gracefully on this special occasion in the columns of which they were once the regular ornaments. But in admiring the SATURDAY REVIEW of the past and the amazing amount of varied brilliance which it attracted to itself (as Mr. Shaw points out in his article it had, for a Conservative organ, an extraordinary aptitude for collecting the brightest exponents of the new idea as its contributors) it would be very ungrateful to miss the opportunity of congratulating this active septuagenarian on its present position in the world of journalism. In politics it interprets Conservatism with liberality, and for literature and the arts (much beset in these days by aspiring extravagance) it is a stronghold of the sanities, wisely held and wittily used. It has a great tradition behind it, but at this moment the tradition is still being lengthened.

The Observer

To congratulate the SATURDAY REVIEW upon its Seventieth Birthday comes easily to those who have the slightest acquaintance with the annals of modern journalism. Its great tradition is a synonym not only of power and pungency, but of scholarship made flexible and fluent in the service of common thought.

The Spectator

We offer our congratulations to our friendly rival the SATURDAY REVIEW, which this week celebrates its Seventieth Anniversary. The SATURDAY REVIEW is publishing messages from the Prime Minister, Lord Balfour, Mr. Thomas Hardy and many other celebrated men. The SATURDAY REVIEW has a notable record. It was admired as much as it was feared when the late Lord Salisbury, then Lord Robert Cecil, was regularly writing political articles for it, and when its book reviews aimed at elevating the public taste by castigating pretentious or in-

efficient authors in a manner that is unknown in our milder day. We are glad to think that that well-known man of letters, Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, who edited it from 1883-1894, is still living. . . . We hope the SATURDAY REVIEW has before it many more "allotted spans," and we can wish for it no better achievement than to be worthy of its past.

The Nation and the Athenæum

The SATURDAY REVIEW celebrates the completion of its Seventieth Year with the present issue, and no journalist would wish to refuse his tribute to a weekly that has enjoyed a renown so remarkable and so varied. The band of contributors whom Douglas Cook welded into a unit during the 'sixties can never have been surpassed in power and scholarship, combined with devilry; nor, I imagine, could any modern editor cease to marvel at a group whose members were of every shade of political and theological opinion. During the past quarter-century the SATURDAY has fulfilled its destiny as a good Tory weekly, generally orthodox. To-day, in the hands of Mr. Gerald Barry, it stands for quality and sincerity in its Toryism, while its literary pages gain distinction from such names as Gerald Gould and Ivor Brown. The SATURDAY, in a word, is still an honour to English journalism.

The Morning Post

In his congratulatory article in this week's SATURDAY REVIEW Mr. Max Beerbohm expresses surprise that it is only the Seventieth Anniversary of the famous weekly's birth that is being celebrated. Most people of middle age will share the surprise; for though the SATURDAY was, as a fact, founded no longer ago than 1855, it is already a national institution—a presence that we have known from our youth up; a handy name for a conjunction of certain qualities not otherwise to be so compendiously defined. No periodical has a greater tradition. The SATURDAY has passed through the hands of a long succession of proprietors and editors since the days of Mr. Beresford Hope; and as for its contributors—the imposing array of eminent names is best grasped from the drawing by 'Quiz' which adorns this anniversary number.

The Daily Mail

Altogether the birthday is celebrated in fine style. The journal has always maintained an attitude at once independent and patriotic, and it has been and is notable for its list of contributors and for the high level of its articles.

The SATURDAY REVIEW Seventieth Anniversary Number was sold out two days after publication, and a second edition was issued immediately. An event so exceptional in weekly journalism is the most eloquent commentary on the success of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Fit Triplex and be Safe